



*O Smart! thy Book's so full of Wit ,
The Reader's Sides will surely split!
The Young and Gay, the Old and Sage,
Will laugh aloud at ev'ry Page . —*



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Jack Smart's MERRY JESTER.

OR, THE
Wit's Compleat Treasury.

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EXCELLENT COLLECTION

OF

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The whole of this Performance being nothing but
Cream; and is entirely freed from all that old insipid
Stuff, which abounds in most other *Jesters*; and is
certainly the compleatest, merriest, and best Thing
of the Kind ever yet published.

*If Mirth and Fun, and Wit combin'd,
Can raise the Heart, and please the Mind;
If Satire keen, and Stories bright,
Can yield the Reader true Delight;
Then keen, ingenious, witty SMART,
Can elevate the Reader's Heart.*

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. FULLER, in *Ave-Maria-Lane*; and Sold
by all other Booksellers in *England*.

(Price One Shilling.)

JACK SMITH'S

MERRY TESTS

ON THE

BEING A

EXPERIMENT COLLECTION



THE SECOND EDITION

Price 2s. 6d.



DEDICATION.

To all the WITS.

FROM *North to South, from East to West,*
 That love to crack a *tuant* Jest,
 Whether *Duke, or Earl, or Knight,*
 Or *Lady* deck'd with *Diamonds* bright,
 Whether *Jane* that skims the *Cream,*
 Or *Hodge* that whistles to his *Team;*
 Whether *Dolly* making *Cheese,*
 Or *Robin* sowing *Corn or Pease;*
 Or *Jack* that feeds the *Pigs and Sows,*
 Or pretty *Sue* that milks the *Cows.*
 To either Sex, and all Degrees,
 That Mirth, and Wit, and Fun can please,
 This merry Book I dedicate,
 The Product of my fertile Pate;
 And am, with all my Soul and Heart,
 Their most obedient Slave,

JACK SMART.

To the PUBLIC.

BE PLEASED TO TAKE NOTICE,

THAT there is Nothing contained in this Collection, that is in Tom Brown's Complete Jester; and therefore (this being of the same Size) it is very proper to bind up with it; which will then make the compleatest Collection of Wit and Humour, that ever was published.



Jack



Jack Smart's MERRY JESTER.

A Self-conceited Author, having published a Collection of Poems of his own composing, presented one Book to *Jack Smart*. Some time after he came to ask *Jack* how he liked his Performance. — *Why, Sir,* says *Jack*, *if I must speak my Mind, I do not like it at all; for it is printed upon such confounded hard Paper, that it rubs my Backside like a Nutmeg-grater.*

Jack Smart, seeing a *Basket-Woman* drinking some Beer in the Street, stared very hard at her; which she observing, said, *Will you pledge me, Sir?* *Ay, with all my Heart,* replied *Jack*. *Why then,* says she, *here's a Health to my Arse, and if you don't like it, you may kiss the Cup.* — *Let me kick the Dust off first,* says *Jack*. *No I wunt,* replied she, *lest you kick so hard as to make the Pitcher crack; but if you please, I will blow the Dust off myself.* *Do then,* says *Jack*. With that she let a rousing Fart: — This pleased *Jack* so much, that he gave her a Shilling for her Wit, though it was but low.

Jack Smart, walking in *St. James's Park*, seeing *Doctor Haysham*, a famous Mathematician, musing along the *Mall* in a very contemplative Manner, made up to him, and making a low Bow, said, *Doctor, a good Morning to you—I am exceedingly glad to see you—I am your's, to the very Centre of Gravity.* The *Doctor*, with all the Composure in the World, returned the lowly Bow, and said, *I am your's to the Antipodes.* This put *Jack* to a Pause, but as his Wit was seldom at a Loss—*Doctor*, said he, *I am your's to the lowest Pit of Hell.—There, there,* replied the *Doctor*, *I will leave you.* No, answered *Jack*, *it is you must be left there, for the Devil has Wits enough, he only wants a Mathematician.*

A *Welsh Shentleman*, being at a great Fair, where there was a Mew of Hawks to be sold, and observing that divers Knights and others went in and gave Three Pounds, Five Pounds, or Ten Pounds for a Bird, thought it was the Fashion for Gentlemen to buy those Kind of Fowl, and seeing on one Side of the Room an Owl set more majestically than the rest (which was only kept there for Hawks Meat) demanded of the Owner, *what was the Price of hur?* The *Faulkener*, perceiving his Simplicity, asked him Five Pounds; *Ear, ear was hur Money,* put *hur* hither; and as soon as he had her in his Hand, he twists off her Neck, and took her to his Man saying, *Coe, coe, carry hur home to hur Landlady, pid hur trest her for Tinner, hur can eat a cood Fish as well as the pest on hur.*

An old Usurer being taken ill with the Gout, *Jack Smart* came to see him, to whom he lamented his Case, telling him, that he was happy that he had the Use of his Limbs, that he could go so nimbly about

about his Business, whilst I, says he, lie here like a dead Stock, and cannot turn myself in Bed: *Nay, says Jack, as dead as you seem to be, I'll warrant you take Care to be at Hell as soon as the nimblest of us all.*

A Footman having displeased his Master, he ran after him to correct him; the Footman ran a pretty Way, but at last his Master caught him, and having never a Stick, gave him a Kick on the Breech; whereupon the Footman let a great F—. Out, you stinking Rascal, said his Master. *Why, Sir,* replied the Man, *as you are my Master, I must answer you at the same Door you knock at.*

A Soldier in *Paris* standing at a Church Door, where a Lady was just going to Mass, she desired him to make Way for her; to which he gave her a clownish Answer, which moved in her some Dissatisfaction, and judging that it was to no Purpose to expect any Civility from him, she said, *Sir, I perceive the Mass for Clowns and Villains is over; so that having no farther Business here, you had best be gone.* To which he presently answered, *Yes, Madam, I own that the Mass for Clowns is over, and that for Whores is just beginning; so you had best make haste in, and put in for a Share.*

A young Man, the Son of a rich Miser, who also was a great Miser himself, went to advise with a Friend about a Wife, telling him, that if he married any, it must be one who is both rich and frugal: *Nay, says the other, then my Advice is, that you marry your Father, for he is the fittest for your Purpose of any that I know.*

A Gentleman with a very red Face, stepped up to a Lady, clapp'd his bare Hand to her Neck: *Dear Madam, says he, you are as cold as a Cricket in an Ice-house:* She immediately replied, *If you clap your fiery Face to my A—e, it will be the ready Way to warm me.*

A Servant Maid having eat some purging Victuals for her Supper, was so sadly charged in her Sleep, that she awaked, and sitting up in her Bed, not daring to move her Posteriors, for fear of mis-giving, cried out, *Alas! What shall I do? I'll lay Forty Shillings, I'll do something, I'll lay Forty Shillings I'll best—t myself, which accordingly fell out;* her Master lying in the next Room, said, *Lie down again, poor Mat, for if you had laid Forty Pounds, you have fairly won it.*

A Countryman standing to look at the curious *Wax-work* in *Fleet-street*, was asked by a Lady who observed him, how he should like one of them Ladies for a Bedfellow? *Wounds,* answered he, *for all she looks so woundy fine now she is drest, when she comes to pluck off her Paint and her Patches, and her fine Cloaths to come to Bed she perhaps may look as ugly as you do, forsooth.* This Reply so dash'd the Lady, that she went away blushing at her own Imperfections.

A *Buck* walking along the Street, meets with an old decayed Lady, with a Gown that was by Age worn Thread-bare; the *Buck*, thinking to crack a Jest with her, took up the Hem of her Gown and kiss'd it, which she looking back, and taking Notice of, asked him, *What he meant by that?* Why, says he, to honour old Age. *Alas! Sir,* replied she, *you*

you might then have kiss'd mine Arse, for that is forty Years older.

A Gentleman riding upon a large lean Horse, a Person that met him, asked, *what a Yard of his Horse was worth?* With that, he bids his Man alight, and lift up his Horse's Tail, and then he answered, *Enter into the Shop, and they within will tell you.*

In a Cause in Chancery, wherein a Taylor happened to be a chief Witness; the Counsel, on the other Side, knowing his Profession, gave him this Caution—I understand, Friend, you are by Trade a Taylor: *I would advise you to use more Conscience in your Depositions than you do in your Bills, or else we shall none of us believe you.* Truly, Sir, says the Taylor, *I confess our Trade lies under a great deal of Scandal; but if you and I were in a Room together, and the Devil should come in and ask for the greatest Rogue, I wonder which of us would be most frightened.*

Two Priests going from Roan to Paris, met with a Peasant mounted on an Ass, who seeing them, began to bray after a strange Fashion, as if he thought them of their Fraternity: The Priests, willing to abuse the Peasant, asked him, *Why he suffered his Brother to cry? Cannot you appease him, and give him what he wants?* The Countryman, who was none of the dullest in the Village, answered them; *The Ass, Sir, is so ravished to meet with his Kindred, that he knows not how to express it to them; and knowing you to be the nearest of his Family, he trumpets forth his melodious Voice, to testify to you the Joy he hath to see you.*

A personable tall Man offered to accompany a Dwarf as he went along the Street ; for, said he, the People will not gaze so much on a Pigmy, if I be in your Company. *Nay*, replied the Dwarf, *they will gaze the more upon me, that I should have an Ass in my Company, and not ride.*

One that went to *Bedlam* to see the mad People, asked one of them, if he had a Wife ? *A Wife!* says he, *no, I am not so mad yet.*

A Country Wench was ordered by her Mistress to get up into a *Pippen-Tree*, to pluck a Basket of the fairest Fruit to make a Present to a Friend. It happened, that the Wench straining to come at an Apple that was out of her Reach, chanced to slip her Foot between a Fork of the Tree, which gathered all her Cloaths about her, so that her Body appeared naked from the Breast downwards : Her Master happened to be the first that saw the frightful Spectacle, who presently called the Thresher out of the Barn to help down the poor Wench ; when he came with a Ladder underneath the Tree, and was coming up, she kicked and squealed, and cry'd out, *Ah ! Robin, do not look at me, do not look at me !* to which, rubbing his Eyes, he replied, *thou hast prevented that, for thou hast almost piss'd my Eyes out.*

At a certain Battle which the Pope had at the Field of —, a *Spanish* Cardinal came in among the Soldiers, and advised them not to spare their Lives, but to exert their utmost Courage for the Good and Welfare of his Holiness ; promising them a plenary Remission of all their Sins, and that those that died in the Battle, should dine with
the

the Angels in *Paradise* : And having thus counselled them, he retired out of the *Battle* ; which a Soldier perceiving, said to him, *Monseieur, And will you not stay and dine with us in Paradise ?* To which the valiant Cardinal replied, *that his Hour of eating was not yet come.*

A Quaker asked a Parson who he thought was the first *Quaker* ?—*Balaam*, answered the Parson.—*Balaam*, says the *Quaker*, How dost thou make it out ? It is plainly so, says the Parson, because he was the first that ever gave his *Attention* to hear an *Ass* hold forth.

Jack Smart, standing at a *Picture-shop* to gaze at a bawdy *Picture* of a Man's Hand under a Woman's Petticoats, was asked by a Gentleman how he could love to gratify his sensual Appetite, by giving Titilation to his vicious Thoughts from the Obscenity of that Action ?—Indeed, Mr. *Impertinence*, says *Jack*, you are much mistaken ; but if your Head had been where his Hand is, I should have view'd it with much more Pleasure, to have thought in what a pretty Condition your Nose had been.

A graceless Son asked his Mother, who was pretty ancient, What she did out of her Grave so long ? *I wait to read your Dying Speech*, answered the Mother.

A Country Girl was sent to Market to sell Butter ; and being a pretty cherry-cheek'd fresh-colour'd Girl, a Gentleman took Notice of her, bought all her Butter, and insisted upon her drinking with him, to which she, with some Reluctance, consented :

sented : And then he forced her to drink so much, that she was quite intoxicated ; after that, he asked her to lie with him, to which she very readily consented. The next Morning when she returned home, her Father and Mother demanded the Reason of her staying out all Night. She immediately told them the whole Affair, and with all, that she lay with a Gentleman all Night.—O you *Huffy*, cry'd the old Man and Woman, you are ruin'd ! O, Mother, says the Girl smiling, I wish I was to be ruin'd so every Night of my Life, and live to the Age of *Methusalem*.

A Priest in *France* seeing a poor Woman with Child, shook his Head, and said, Mistress, I am very sorry for your Misfortune. What, Misfortune, Sir, said the Woman ?—O, answered he, I can tell by my extraordinary Learning that your Child is without a Head.—O dear, Sir, says she, as you are a learned Man, will you make a Head to it ?—Yes, yes, says the reverend Father, I am always willing to do a charitable Act.—With that they immediately went to Labour, and the Backside of the Priest moved with excessive Gravity.

An old toping Companion, having sat soaking in an Alehouse, in a Country Market-town, two or three Days, was at last grown so tipsy, that he could not discern a House from a Mouse-trap, and stepping out into the Street to make Water, he kept a heavy Bustle to find the Premises ; which an arch Wag perceiving, he came behind him, and clapt up his Thumb between his Legs ; the old Soldier took hold of his Thumb, instead of something else, and fairly let the warm Water fall out at the Knees of his Breeches.

A Gentleman of more Wealth than Wit, having married a lusty young Woman, was not three Months married, when he became so weak, that he was scarce able to walk ; his Friends seeing it, thought it fit to send him away a Month or two from his Wife, under Pretence of going to see his Uncle ; while he was there, he sees some Sheep leaping a Ditch, but the Ram was so weak, that he could not follow ; so Simpleton comes to the Shepherd, and tells him, he knew a way how his Ram should grow strong : Pray, Sir, says he, what is it ? I'll tell you ; *You must send him to his Uncle, and I'll warrant him he will grow strong again.*

The Bishop of Evreux in France, going from Talasia to Calen, was benighted, and meeting a Peasant (who had not yet left his Cart) asked of him, *Whether he might get through the City Gate ?* The Peasant observing him to be fat, replied, *my Cart, with a Load of Hay, passed through just now, but I question whether your Paunch may pass, that carries the Crop of a whole Diocese.*

A Woman once prosecuted a Gentleman for a Rape : Upon the Trial, the Judge asked if she made any Resistance ? *I cry'd out, and please you my Lord.* *Ay,* said one of the Witnesses, *but that was nine Months after.*

A Woman longing for Lobsters, went to a Fishmonger, as if she were to buy some : So turning them up, one after another, as if she intended to have the best for her Money (the Man not much eyeing her) slips one of them under her Apron and Petticoat, and so close to her Belly : Then she asks him the Price of one of them, but they could not agree ;

agree ; so she turns about to go away, but she was not out at the Door, when (to the Man's great Astonishment) she begins to cry out like a Woman in Child-birth ; he runs to her, and asks her what was the Matter ? She makes him no Answer, but still cries on, with both her Hands upon her Belly ; he thought it was no Time to delay, takes her into his Shop, and calls his Wife in all haste, telling her, that an honest Woman that had come to buy a Lobster of him, was taken with her Pains of Child-birth in his Shop ; she bids him go in all haste and call more Women, and the Midwife ; who, when they came, went to work with her, but found the Child to be such, as none but the Fishmonger himself could deliver her of, so they calls him in, where he found the Lobster so fastened to her Belly, that he was forced to take his Knife and break his Toes, and so delivers the Woman of her new Conception.

A Gentleman going to *Oxford* put up at *Serjeant's Inn* at *Uxbridge*, and after Dinner called for a Bill, which was presently brought him ; and was as follows.

Beef Stakes	—	0	1	0
Bread	—	0	0	3
Wine	—	0	1	0
		<hr/>		
Total		0	2	3

The Gentleman, after paying the above Bill, called for his Horse, and was going to prosecute his Journey, when the Waiter halloed out, Sir, you have not paid any Thing for your Fire, and we never charge less than *Six-pence*. How came you to forget to charge it in the Bill, said the Gentleman ? I did not forget it, Sir, replied the Waiter, but I was afraid to put *Fire* in the Bill for fear of burning it.

Jack

Jack Smart says that beautiful Whores are like *Mead* mixt with Poison, for tho' they are capable of giving some Pleasure at first, yet an intolerable Pain succeeds.

An *Irishman* being sent to see what it was a Clock by *St. Paul's* Clock, returned, and told his Master it was *Fourteen* o'Clock. *Fourteen* o'Clock! says his Master; what do you mean, you stupid Dog? Indeed, Sir, answered he, it is true; for by my Shoul *St. Paul's* Clock struck *seven*, and the Pastry-Cook's just by struck *sevenmore*, and I am sure that *seven* and *seven* make *fourteen*.

A young Lady was saying in Company, " I have this Day visited a Gentleman who behaved very kindly to me, and said a great many fine tender Things, but I knew there was no Sincerity in what he said, for he only *piss'd down my Back*."—"O, a nasty Fellow," said another Lady then present, " if he had served me so, I would have cut his Spout off."

Jack Smart, in Company with another Gentleman, went to pay a Visit to a Friend of theirs in the Country; and as their nearest Road was to go through *Bristol*, they arrived there in the Evening of their second Day's Journey, and intended to put up at some Inn, and lay there all Night; but it happening to be an annual *Fair Day*, the City was so excessive full of People, that they could not get any Entertainment either for themselves or Horses; therefore they rode about two Miles further, and alighted at a little *Hedge-Alehouse*, where there was no other Inhabitants but an old Man and his Wife, and asked if they could lie there; the old

C

Man

Man said, if they could put up with a *Flock-Bed*, with coarse Sheets, and lie both in the same Bed, they were very welcome; and if he had a better, it should be at their Service; and as to the Horses, he would turn them out to graze in the Orchard adjoining to his Cottage. They being both very weary with travelling, gladly accepted of this Offer; and after supping upon the homely Fare the House afforded, and drinking some of their sweet Ale, they agreed to go to Bed; but some time before they carried this Agreement into Execution, they heard the old *Landlord* and *Landlady*, in the next Room, in a very strong Debate. “Wife,” says the old Man, “what shall we do for a *Chamber-Pot* for these Gentlemen? You know we have but one in the House.”—“I tell thee what, Husband, replied she, you and I will make shift with the *Wooden Bowl*, and let the Gentlemen have the *Chamber-Pot*.”—*Jack Smart*, hearing this Determination, took up a *Gimblet* which he saw lie upon a Stool, and bored a Hole through the Bottom of the Bowl, to cause a little Diversion. This done, they went to Bed, which was so near to where this old Couple lay, that there was no other Partition than a thin Deal Board, and even that did not reach to the Cieling; so that they could hear every Word that passed; and *Jack Smart* promised himself so much Fun from this Frolic, that tho’ quite weary, he could not sleep; and after the old Couple had been in Bed about two Hours, the old Dame was called upon by Nature to ease herself, by doing what nobody else could do for her, and for that Purpose took up the *Wooden Chamber-Pot*, in which she pour’d such plentiful Streams, that it run out of the Bowl upon the old Man like a Torrent, which presently awaked him, and he cried out, “Wife,
“it

"it runs over! it runs all down my Back!"—"I tell thee it don't," says the old Dame, "for it is not up to my Thumb."—"What are you mad?" resumed the old Fellow, "I tell ye, I am all over as wet as *Dung*."—Indeed, Husband, replied the Wife, you only think so, for I tell thee it is not up to my Thumb.—Nor would she stop her Course till the Fountain of her Torrent was quite dry.

Jack Smart and his Companion, laughed so much at hearing this Dialogue between the old Man and Woman, that their Sheets were in the same Condition.

A Gentleman having brought his Friend down into his Cellar, his Friend observing there was no Seat to sit on; ask'd him the Reason of it. Because, says the other, I will have no Man that comes here, drink any longer *than he can stand*.

A Gentleman came to a Widow's House, and she presented him with a Cup of small Beer; so coming a Week afterwards, she salutes him with another Cup of the same Beer, saying, Sir, I dare not commend the Beer to you, for indeed it is dead; to which he reply'd, *that may very well be, for it was very weak when I was here last*.

Two Citizens passing through a Country-Village, saw a very fair House, not inhabited; says one, *If I had this House at London, it should not stand here so long empty*.

In a Company where they were playing at Comparisons, an agreeable young Lady was likened to a Repeater. *Jack Smart* coming in, she appealed to him for the Propriety of the Resemblance: *Ma-*

dam, says he, *I find a very great Difference, for a Repeater makes us remember the Hours, but your agreeable Person and Conversation makes us forget them.*

A Gentleman coming into a Church, where the Psalm-singers made but indifferent Music, hearing them singing, *Have Mercy upon us, miserable Sinners!* Ay, says he, they might very well have said, *Have Mercy upon us miserable Singers.*

A young Lady being ill, sent for a Physician. A Servant being over curious, stood upon the Listen to hear his Mistress's Discourse to the Doctor: The Lady began with telling him she was much troubled with the Cholic; but accidentally as she was speaking, *happened to break Wind backwards*, which the Doctor hearing, told her it was worth a Guinea. Upon which the Servant bursting into the Room, let a *swinging Fart*, crying out, *If that's worth one Guinea, here's one worth Twenty.*

A Physician in the City, who always gave his Servant leave to attend divine Service on Sunday, both Morning and Evening, observing the Fellow somewhat fuddled one Evening, asked him where he had been. "To hear a Sermon, Sir," said he. —Very well, says the Doctor, and dismissed him without farther Reprimand. The next Sunday Evening, he asked his Master Leave as usual; No, John, says he, *two Sermons a Day are more than thy Head can bear.*

A Country-Fellow, thatching of a House, had an arch Boy to serve him with Straw: At last, a great Hog came by them, and turned up his Snout,

as if he was list'ning; says the Thatcher to the Boy, What does the Hog think now? O, says the Boy, I'll warrant you he's hatching of Mischief; and while he was busy at his Work on the Ladder, the Boy hunted the Hog under it, and jostling against it, down comes the Ladder, Man and all: Pox on you, says he to the Hog, 'tis true as the Boy said, you were hatching of Mischief, indeed, for I think my Shoulder Bone is out; and if ever I thatch any more Houses, I'll make my Bargain they shall tie up their Hogs.

A Parson who attended a Thief to the Gallows, when he was upon the Point of being turned off, said to him very edifyingly, " You have been a great Sinner it is true, but now you must reform and promise me faithfully never to do the like again."

A Lady, being kissed upon the Cheek by an impudent Dancing-master who was giving her a Lesson, by way of a genteel Rebuke, turned the other Cheek, and said, *You see, Sir, I have not read the Gospel for nothing; for to him that smites me on one Cheek, I turn to him the other also.*

Dr. M——d coming out of Tom's Coffee-House, an impudent broken Apothecary met him at the Door, and accosted him with a Request to lend him five Guineas; Sir, said the Doctor, *I am surprised that you should apply to me for such a Favour, who do not know you!* Oh, dear Sir, replied the Apothecary, *it is for that very Reason; for those who do, won't lend me a Farthing.*

George Ch——n, who was always accounted a very blunt Speaker, asking a young Lady one Day what it was o'Clock? She told him her Watch stood: *I don't wonder at that, Madam*, said he, *when it is so near you*——what d'ye call it?

A Journeyman Shoemaker having a Kindness for his Mistress; his Master being out of Town, he importuned her to let him lie with her; but she said no, faintly. When Night came, he gets into his Mistress's Bed before she came, and draws the Curtains close about him; she not knowing any Thing of him, undrest and got into Bed. Which she had no sooner done, but she felt something stir; Who is there, says she? 'Tis I Mistress, says he. O you Rogue, you Dog, how dare you offer such a Thing? Sirrah, I will have you made an Example of. Well, well, says he, I am sorry I have offended you, don't be angry with me, and I will be gone. Nay, says she, *you did not hear me bid you be gone; now you are here, you may stay; but if ever you offer to do such another Thing, I protest, as I am an honest Woman, I will tell your Master.*

An Under Sheriff in *Suffex*, being to attend a Malefactor to Execution on a *Friday*, went to him the *Wednesday* before, to ask the following Favour: My good Friend, says the Sheriff, you know I have Orders to see you executed next *Friday*; now it so falls out, that I have Business of the utmost Importance to do at *London* on that Day, and as you must die so soon, one Day's Difference can make no Odds; you know I have been very kind to you during your Confinement, and I should take it as a particular Favour, if you wou'd be hang'd on *Thursday* Morning. To which the Prisoner

soner replied, 'Tis very true, you have been very kind to me, for which I return you my hearty Thanks, and am very sorry I cannot oblige you in this Particular; for it also so falls out with me, that I have some Business of great Importance to do on *Friday* Morning; but, Mr. *Sheriff*, to shew you that I am not an ungrateful Man, suppose we put off this said Hanging till *Monday* Morning: If you like that, Mr. *Sheriff*, I'll do it with all my Heart.

A Country-man, seeing a homely lady with large Diamond *Ear-rings*, said, they put him in mind of *Bacon-baits*, swinging in a *Mousetrap*.

A F A B L E.

A Florist, particularly curious in Roses, had in his Garden a fine Row of the Bushes that bear that Flower. On one of them grew a Rose singularly beautiful, which captivated a *Bull-Finch* who fluttered round it, and made Love to it. The inanimate Rose making no Return to his Caresses, he at length grew enraged, tore it to Pieces, and strewed the Ground with its blushing Leaves. The Florist incensed at this Treatment of his favourite Flower, in Revenge spread a Net, and took the *Bull-Finch* captive; who finding itself in the Snare, thus expostulated with the Florist: "How can you use me so cruelly? do not I chearfully repay you for the Harbour which your Garden affords me, with the Music of my Song?" What Harm, replied the Florist, had that Rose done to you, that you treated it so despitely?—He released however this little Prisoner; who, as soon as he had regained his Freedom, shook his Wings, and perch'd on the Bough of a neighbouring Tree, from whence he thus addressed the Florist.—"A good Action
" should

“ should never go without its Reward: Dig at the
 “ Foot of that Orange Tree, and you will find a
 “ Treasure.”—He did so, and found one. Upon
 which he turned to the Warbler, and thanking
 him, asked him, how he, who had Eyes so pene-
 trating as to discover a Treasure buried in the Earth,
 could avoid seeing a Net over his Head. Know,
 O Man! replied the Bull-Finch, there is no es-
 caping the Hand of Destiny; what must be, must
 be.

A Lady, when the Fashion of wearing Bugle-
 borders at the Bottom of the Peticoat came to be
 discussed at a Tea-table Committee, said, she could
 not endure them they hurt her *Face* so.

A Gentleman upon losing his Place, for having
 been seen often in Company with disaffected Per-
 sons, assured the Minister, that he was very inno-
 cent, notwithstanding his Acquaintance with those
 People. *It may be so,* says the Minister, *but if an*
honest Woman is found in a Bawdy-house, People
would be apt to take her for a Whore.

A Man passing through a Church-yard, said to
 his Friend, *Well, Cousin, if I live and do well, I'll*
be buried in this Place.

A Client, who apprehended he had been ill used
 by his Attorney, told him, he had not done him
 Justice: Sir, says the Attorney, *that is the Judge's*
Office, and not mine.

A Gentleman going to take Water at *White-*
hall-stairs, cried out, as he came near the Place,
who can swim? I, Master, said forty bawling
 Mouths;

Months; when the Gentleman observing one sinking away, called after him, but the Fellow turning about, said, Sir, *I cannot swim*; then you are my Man, said the Gentleman, for you will at least take Care of me for your own Sake.

An ALLEGORICAL TALE.

The Sage *Aboul-casem*, having discovered by his Skill in Astrology, that all the Water of the Town where he dwelt would fall the next Year under the Influence of such a strange Planet, that whoever drank of it would become foolish; resolved to exempt himself from the common Disaster, and proposed great Pleasure and Honour from being the only wise Man in the Town. Accordingly he provided a Reservoir, which he filled with a sufficient Quantity of the present Year's Water, that he might be in no Necessity of drinking that of the fatal Year. This Prediction was at length verified, and the first Appearances of the universal Folly gave him great Delight; but Folly not being of a Nature to amuse long, he soon grew weary of so inhuman a Pleasure. He soon found himself deprived of all the Joys and Conveniences of Society. No Creature could give him a reasonable Answer. He asked one, what o'Clock it was, who told him, that Corn was at two sequins a Bushel. He enquired what News of another; who answered, that Salt was an excellent Thing to butter Fish with. He tried others, and found their Replies equally remote from the Question, which made him almost as mad, as the Water had made them. Yet he observed, that all lived easy and sociable with one another, and perfectly well satisfied with their own

own Condition. Tired at length with the solitary State to which his singular Wisdom had reduced him, he renounced the sublime Advantages of it, in order to partake of the common Happiness, drank the Water, and mingled with the Fools.

A certain Great Man, who had been a furious Party-Man, and most surprisingly changed Sides, by which he obtained a Coronet, was soon after at Cards at a Place where Lady T——nd was, and complaining in the Midst of the Game, that he had a great Pain in his Side. I thought your Lordship had *no Side*, said she. Yes, but I have, answered my Lord, and a *Back-Side* too. *Have you so?* reply'd my Lady, *every Body knows your Wife has one.*

A proud Parson, and his Man, riding over a Common, saw a Shepherd tending his Flock, and having a new Coat on, the Parson asked him, in a haughty Tone, who gave him that Coat; the same, said the Shepherd, that cloathed you, the *Parish*. The Parson, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little Way, and then bade his Man go back, and ask the Shepherd, if he'd come and live with him for he wanted a Fool. The Man going accordingly to the Shepherd, delivered his Master's Message, and concluded as he was ordered, that his Master wanted a *Fool*. *Why are you going away then?* said the Shepherd. No, answered the other. *Then you may tell your Master,* reply'd the Shepherd, *his Living won't maintain three of us.*

A Taylor said, he was so tender-hearted, that he could not kill a *Louse*; another told him, It proceeded

ceeded from Faint-Heartedness, because he had not the Courage to see his own *Blood*.

Lord Falkland, the Author of the Play, called *The Marriage-Night*, was chosen very young to sit in Parliament; and when he was first elected, some of the Members opposed his Admission, urging, *That he had not sowed his wild Oats*; then, reply'd he, *it will be the best Way to sow them in the House, where there are so many Geese to pick them up*.

A Gentleman, whose Wife complained a little of his Manhood, consented that she should make Choice of any one, so that it was but one, to do Family Duty in his Stead: She chose the Coachman, a sturdy Fellow; but by some Accident the Reverend Chaplain came to suspect the Intrigue that was carrying on by his Patron's Lady, and was resolved to watch her Waters; it was not long before he had an Opportunity, by peeping through a Key-Hole, of being entirely confirm'd in his Suspicion, and being a very conscientious Man, he thought it his Duty to acquaint her Husband with it: He told him he could not see him abused in so vile, so abominable a Manner, without letting him know it. *Hush, hush, Doctor*, said the Gentleman, *the Thing is a Secret; I give my Coachman Twenty Pounds a Year extraordinary for that very Service*. *Gad take me*, cried the conscientious Parson, *Why would you not speak to me? I would have done it for half the Money, and have thank'd you too*.

A Gentleman sitting by Mrs. W——ff—— at Lord Lovat's Trial, took Notice to her of FANNY M——'s

M——'s being at a little Distance from them. O ! said she, I suppose FANNY has an Eye upon the whole House of Commons. And I dare answer for her, Madam, reply'd the Gentleman, if she has, her Eye's no bigger than her Belly.

It was said of L. T. who never went to Church, when he was buried in *Westminster-Abbey*, he is come to Church at last.

A young Man, who had Stolen a Silver Plate from his Uncle, received the following Reproach for his Folly, in his Uncle's Will, contained in these Words, *I give and bequeath to my Nephew N—— eleven Silver Plates : He knows the Reason why I do not leave him the twelfth.*

A Gentleman, seeing an ugly Woman of the Town, said, that whoever first made her a Whore, had been guilty of a double Sin ; first, in debauching her, and then leaving her to follow a Trade, by which there was so little Probability of her getting a Livelihood.

Mr. Serjeant G—d—r, being lame of one Leg, and pleading before the late Judge Fortescue, who had little or no Nose, the Judge told him, He was afraid he had but a lame Cause of it. Oh ! my Lord, said the Serjeant, have but a little Patience, and I'll warrant I prove every Thing as plain as the Nose in your Face.

A Sea Officer in the *English Service*, having one of his Legs shot off in an Engagement by a Cannon Ball, burst into a loud Laugh : *I am very glad*, said he, *that I have two more in my Chest.*

An

An old Lady being at Table, and mumbling a Piece of Brawn that was very horny, for a long Time, at length, by its Elasticity, it jumped out of her Mouth upon the Plate of a young Gentleman, who sat on the opposite Side of the Table, but he, not seeing from whence it came, quickly eat it up. Good Lord, said the old Lady, what a fine thing it is to be young and have one's Teeth! I have been mumbling and tumbling that Piece of Brawn in my Mouth this half Hour to no Purpose, and that young Gentleman has chewed and swallowed it in a Moment.

Jack Ketch having hanged a Person who had a good Pair of Breeches on, was asked the Price of them by one of the Spectators: What will you give for them, says *Jack*? The Fellow reply'd, Three Half Crowns; I'll give Ten Shillings, says another, which *Jack* refused, and took the first Offer. The Under-Sheriff a little surprized to see him take the least Money, ask'd the Reason of it, and upbraided him for a Fool. No Matter for that, Sir, says *Jack*; This man has promised never to wear them but when he goes to Church, and I shall certainly have them again next Hanging-Day.

One Mr. *Hide* had three Sons, and not having Estate enough to settle upon the youngest, told him, he must needs bind him an Apprentice, and bid him make Choice of his Trade; the Youth being of a smart and ingenious Temper, told him, he would be a Tanner: "Poh, says the Father, that's a nasty Trade:" Yes, says he, but the most convenient Trade for me of any; you have but little to give me, and three Hides will set me up:

D

What

What HIDEs are those, says the Father? Sir, says he, yours and my two elder Brothers.

The Chaplain's Boy of a Man of War, being sent out of his own Ship of an Errand to another, the two Boys were conferring Notes about their Manner of Living: How often, said one, do you go to Prayers now? Why, answered the other, in case of a Storm, or the Apprehension of any Danger from the Enemy: Ay, said the first, there's some Sense of that; but my Master makes us go to Prayers when there is no more Occasion for it, than for my leaping over-board.

A young Lady of a pretty high Spirit, who was just about entering into the Marriage State, told her Gallant, that she could never bring herself to say *Obe*y, and was resolved she would not. When the Ceremony was performing, and she was to repeat that Word, she was for mincing the Matter, and cried *Honour and bey*: Nay, Madam, said the Parson, you must say *obey*, I cannot say you are married, if you do not speak the Words as the Office directs; but still she would only say as she had done before, and the Parson again reproving her: Let her alone, Doctor, said the Husband, let her only say *Bey*, if she has a Mind to it now, and I'll make her cry *O* at Night.

A Fellow hearing one say, according to the Italian Proverb, *That three Women make a Market with their chattering*: Nay, then, said he, add my Wife to them, and they will make a Fair.

A Constable carried a Big-belly'd Wench before a Justice, and said, an't please your Worship, I have

have here brought you a *Maid with Child*. The Wench called him Fool and Knave; she being reproved, said, he must needs be one of 'em; for, said she, if I am a *Maid*, he is a *Fool* to think I am with Child, and if I am not *with Child*, he is a *Knave* for saying I am.

A poor Woman, with half a dozen Children at her Heels, asked Alms of a Gentlewoman in the Street; I think, said the Gentlewoman, that being so poor, you might find something else to do, and I wonder you are not ashamed to get so many Children. Alas! Madam, replied the good Woman, you don't consider, that we poor Folks have very often *nothing else for our Breakfast, Dinner and Supper*.

An honest *French Dragoon*, in the Service of *Lewis XIV.* having caught a Fellow in Bed with his Wife, after some Words, told him, he would let him escape this Time; but, if ever he found him there again, he would throw his Hat out at the Window. Notwithstanding this terrible Threat, in a few Days, he caught the Spark in the same Place, and was as good as his Word: Sensible of what he had done, he posted away to the Place, where he knew the King was to be; and throwing himself at his Majesty's Feet, implor'd his Pardon. The king asked what his Offence was? He told him he had been abused. Well, well, said the King, laughing, I very readily forgive you, considering your Provocation; I think you was much in the Right to throw *his Hat out of the Window*. Yes, and please you, my Leige, *but his Head was in it*, said the Dragoon. Was it, reply'd the King? Well, my Word is pass'd.

An *Irishman*, having been obliged to live with his Master some Time in *Scotland*, when he came back, some of his Companions asked how he lik'd *Scotland*. *I will tell you now*, said he, *by Chrest, I was sick, all de while I was dare ; and if I had lived there till this Time, I had been dead a Year ago.*

A Man above a hundred Years old, being told he had a very healthy Face, replied, that, at his Age, a healthy Face was out of the Question; but that it was a great Thing to have *any Face at all.*

A certain Doctor having raised a pretty Fortune by irregular Practice, was desirous of purchasing a Coat of Arms to adorn his Chariot, and accordingly asked a Friend's Advice, what he had best have for them? *Oh ! Doctor*, said he, *Nothing will suit you better than three Ducks, and let the Motto, if you please, be Quack, Quack, Quack.*

A certain Country Justice, remarkable for incredible Stories, was telling a *Londoner*, who happened to dine at a Market-town with him, of a Turnip, which grew in one of his Fields, that five Sheep had eat their Way into, and liv'd in it during the Winter. The Citizen, in his Turn, said, he could tell him of as wonderful a Thing as that ; for not long before he left the Town, Business called him to *Whitechapel*, where he pass'd by a Brazier's, who was making a Copper, which was so very large, that though four and twenty Men were at Work upon it, they could not hear each other's hammer the Rivets. What the De'il can that be for, says his Worship: *Why, to boil your Turnip in*, says the other.

One was saying, that his Great Grand-father, and Grand-father, and Father, died at Sea. Quoth another, who heard him, if I were you, I would never go to Sea. Why, said the other, where did your Great Grand-father, and Grand-father, and Father die? He answered in their Beds. Then said the first, *and if I were you, I would never go to Bed.*

One being at his Wife's Funeral, and the Bearers going hastily along, called out to them, *Don't go so fast, what need we make a Toil of a Pleasure?*

A Gentleman in Company complaining that he was very subject to catch Cold in his Feet, another, not overloaded with Sense, told him, that might easily be prevented, if he would follow his Directions. I always get, says he, a thin Piece of Lead, out of an *Indian Chest*, and fit it to my Shoe for this Purpose. Then, Sir, says the former, *you are like a Rope-Dancer's Pole, you have Lead at both Ends.*

Turpin the Highwayman stopped a Gentleman upon *Epping-forest*, and robb'd him of Fifty Pounds; upon which the Gentleman told him, that his would be a good easy Way of getting Money, if there was no Law against it. God forbid, Sir, *there should not*, says the Highwayman, *else there would be too many of the Trade for an industrious Man to live by it.*

A Comedian having a large full Wig on, which he had not paid for, was told by a Friend of his, that it was a very good one. Faith, Sir, said he, with his usual Humour, *I know not how good it may*

prove in the long run, but at present it has run me over Head and Ears in Debt.

A Tinker crying for Work, one asked him why he did not stop the two Holes in the Pillory. Says the Tinker, if you'll lend me your Head and Ears, I will find you Hammer and Nails, and the Work into the Bargain.

A Gentleman happening to turn up against a House to make Water, did not see two young Ladies looking out of a Window close by, till he heard them giggling; then looking towards them, he asked what made them so merry? O! Lord, said one of them, *a very little Thing* will make us laugh.

A little Gentleman going to a Friend's House, found himself too short to reach the Knocker; at last, seeing a very tall Fellow come by, he begged him to do it for him; which (though very unwillingly) he did, at the same Time murmuring, *Damn it, what are little Fellows like you made for?* The other smartly reply'd, *To be served by tall ones, like you.*

A Mayor of Oxon riding through the Water with Queen Elizabeth, would not suffer his Steed to drink; for which the Queen blaming him, he answered, *I shall teach my Horse better Manners than to drink before your Majesty.*

An old Lady meeting with a Cambridge Man, asked him how her Nephew behaved himself? Truly, Madam, says he, he is a great Student, and holds close to Katherine Hall. I vow, said she, I fear'd

fear'd as much, for the Boy was ever given to Wenches from his Infancy.

A Country Parson sent his Man *Jack* to look for his Hogs that were missing; his Man staying longer than ordinary, he went to see what was become of him, and looking for his Man, met one of his Neighbour's Maids, and asked her if she would go with him into such an Orchard? Yes, Sir, says she, if you please. Come then; so he leads her into an Orchard on the back Side of the Town, and sets her down under an Apple Tree, and sits himself down by her; so that the Parson began to be very amorous with the young Maiden, insomuch that she began to cry out, O pray, Sir, O dear, Sir, what do you mean? Nothing, says the Parson, but to ring the first Peal; which, when they had done, the Parson begins to tell her some pleasant Stories of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panca* his Man, till the Parson's Courage began to move him the second Time; with that she cries out as before, O pray, Sir, O dear, Sir, what do you mean? Nothing, Child, but only to ring the second Peal; which, when he had done, they fell to their own Discourse again, till at last the Parson began to be for the other Bout; the Maid was at her old Tune, O pray, Sir, O dear, Sir, what do you mean? O Sweet-heart, only to ring, all in.—She lifting up her Eyes, espied a Boy, in the same Tree they were under, and cries out, O Sir, there's a Boy has seen all! He look'd up, and said, O *Jack*, how long have you been there? Ever since you rung the first Peal, answered he.

King *Charles* the Second, and the Duke of *Ormond*, discoursing of the prettiest Women of several

ral Countries, says the King to the Duke, My Lord, you have very pretty Women in *Ireland*, but they have great Legs. *O that's nothing, please you, my Liege, we lay them aside.*

A Gentleman that had married a deaf Wife, though a great Scold, was ask'd the Reason for so doing; he answered, that as she was deaf he thought she would soon be dumb.

The famous *Tony Lee*, a Player in *K. Charles the Second's* Reign, being killed in a Tragedy, having a violent Cold, could not forbear coughing as he lay dead upon the Stage, which occasioning a good deal of Laughing and Noise in the House, he lifted up his Head, and speaking to the Audience, said, This makes good what my poor Mother used to tell me; for she would often say that *I should cough in my Grave, because I used to drink in my Porridge.* This set the House in such a good Humour, that it produced a thundering Clap, and made every one very readily pardon what he had before committed.

A certain *French* Gentleman, having been but a very little while in *England*, was invited to a Friend's House, where a large Bowl of Punch was made, a Liquor he had never seen before, and which did not at all agree with him; but having forgot the Name of it, he asked a Person the next Day, *What dey call dat Liqueur in England, which is all de Contradition; where is de Brandy to make it strong, and de Vater to make it small, de Sugre to make it sweet, and de Lemons to make it sour?* Punch answered the other, *I suppose you mean. Ay, Ponche, begar, cried Monsieur, it almost ponche my Brain out last Night.*

JACK

JACK SMART'S *humorous Relation of a Suit in*
CHANCERY.

There was a Suit lately depending in the *High Court of Chancery*, wherein one *Stephen Discord* was Plaintiff, and one *Simon Obstynacy* was Defendant; by the latter of which, I was employed, as a Solicitor to defend the Suit. The Plaintiff, in the Bill of Complaint which he exhibited, alledged, That he lived in a House adjoining to the Defendant's, and that their Orchards likewise joined to each other. And it also appeared by the Allegations in the said Plaintiff's Bill, that there was a choice *PIPPEN-TREE* standing and growing near the Middle of the Fence, which divides the said Orchards of the said Plaintiff, and the Defendant. And the said Plaintiff recited in his said Bill several *Title-Deeds*, and other Instruments in Writing; by which it very evidently appears, that the said *Pippen-Tree* belonged to the Ancestors of the said Plaintiff *Stephen Discord* for many Generations. And the said Plaintiff further alledged, that the said Defendant and his Confederates have combined together to defraud him, the said Plaintiff, of great Part of the Fruit which grew upon the said *APPLE-TREE*; and that they actually did so, to the apparent Injury and Prejudice of the said Plaintiff. All which *Actings and Doings* being contrary to *EQUITY* and *GOOD CONSCIENCE*; the said Plaintiff humbly prayed, that the honourable Court of *Chancery* would grant an *Injunction* to restrain the said Defendant from committing the like Trespass upon the said *PIPPEN-TREE* for the future; and that he should be decreed to make ample Satisfaction for the Fruit he had already gathered thence, as afore-

said. And also prayed Process of Subpoena to be directed to *Simon Obstinary* and his Confederates, &c. commanding them to appear, and put in their Answer.

This was the Sum of the Bill: And it appeared, by the Defendant's *Answer*, that one whole Moiety of the said PIPPEN-TREE was standing, and being on his, the said Defendant's Premises; and that the Branches thereof extended and hung over his Orchard several Yards; and therefore he thought he had a just and absolute Claim, Right and Title to such Fruit as grew upon the Limbs, so extended over his Premises as aforesaid.

WHEREUPON, and upon Debate of the Matter, by very able Counsel on both Sides, the Court was pleased to decree, That the said PIPPEN-TREE of Right belonged to the said Plaintiff *Stephen Discord*, and all the Fruit, which should thenceforth grow thereon, should be to the absolute Use and Behoof of him the said Plaintiff, his *Executors, Administrators, and Assigns*. Nevertheless, the said Plaintiff was decreed to remove the said Tree, that no Part of it might incumber the said Defendant's Premises: And each Party was decreed to pay his Costs of Suit; which was for the Plaintiff *Forty Pounds and Ten Shillings*; and for the Defendant *Thirty-two Pounds*.

Thus ended this extraordinary Cause. And I have since heard (*Stephen Discord* refusing to carry the Decree in Execution, by suffering the said PIPPEN-TREE to continue where it was) that *Simon Obstinary* is preparing to file a Bill to compel him to remove it; or, at least, that Part of it which grows upon, and incumbers his Territories.

These two rigid Asserters of Justice, were like these simple Fellows in the Fable, who, having an

Oyster

Oyster in Dispute, would not compromise the Affair, but preferred their Suit to a learned Judge; who, after having examined the Matter, decreed each of them a Shell, and reserved the Fish for himself.

A Gentleman being prickt for High Sheriff, who by Reason of some Indisposition, desired to get off from the Office; his Wife enquiring into the Matter, asked a Gentleman concerning it: Alas! Madam, says he, your Husband is prickt by the King, and it cannot be altered: *Why, Sir,* said she again, *Doth the King's P— always stand?*

A Country Woman sent her Daughter to a Lady, with a Present of ripe Medlars; the clownish Wench being come to the Lady, told her, That her Mother had sent her Ladyship some *Open-Arses*, and she must keep 'em till they were *as rotten as a Turd*, or else they would not be worth a *Fart*: This Language so displeased the Lady, that she resolved to complain to her Mother of her Ill-breeding; so meeting of her Mother in the Market, she told her of it; Ah, Madam, says she, I have beat her sometimes till she *stinks* again, but I might as well go to *shite*; for let me do what I can, I cannot mend her, for she's very ill bred, and hath no more Manners than my Arse.

The famous Captain B—, who was reckoned an excellent Hand at making Bulls, was walking one Day, with two or three Ladies, a little Way out of *West-Chester*, with his Hat under his Arm; the Wind blowing very hard, one of the Ladies said, *I wonder, Captain, you will be so ceremonious to walk bare-headed in such boisterous Weather; pray, Sir,*
put

put on your Hat. By my Shoul. dear Madam, answered the Captain. I have been after trying two or three Times already, and the Wind is so high, that I can't keep my Hat upon my Head any longer than 'tis under my Arm.

A Sailor having received ten Guineas for turning Roman Catholick, said to the Priest who paid him the Money, Sir, you ought to give me ten Guineas more, because it is so damnable hard to believe that strange Doctrine of Transubstantiation.

Dr. South, visiting a Gentleman one Morning, was asked to stay Dinner, which he accepting of, the Gentleman stept into the next Room and told his Wife, and desir'd she'd provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and made a thousand Words; till at length, her Husband provoked at her Behaviour, protested, That if it was not for the Stranger in the next Room, he would kick her out of Doors. Upon which the Doctor, who heard all that passed, immediately stept out, crying, I beg, Sir, you'll make no Stranger of me.

A certain Vicar, whom his Parishioners had denied his Allowance, resolved, if it were possible, to give them a Rub: Reading one Morning in that Place of the Psalms, where it is mention'd, That, *Man being in Honour without Understanding may be compared to the Beasts that perish.* He read, *Man being without Understanding, may be compared to the Beasts of this Parish.*

A Grazier sent his Son to the University, and he studied Poetry; his Father check'd him for it;
Well,

Well, since you are a Poet, tell me why so handsome a Woman as Venus, married such an ugly Fellow as Vulcan? I wonder at that too, Father; and yet I wonder as much, why my Mother married you.

A Country Fellow being to be catechised (who was an Apprentice) the Parson asked him, What's your Name? *John*, says the Fellow. Who gave you that Name? says the Parson. My Godfathers and Godmothers, &c. says the Fellow. Well said, says the Parson; and what did your Godfathers and Godmothers do for you? Says *John*, Sir, they have done nothing for me yet, but they promise to do something for me when I come out of my Time.

A Man and his Wife being a fighting, a Gentleman attempting to part them, was cut into the Skull; says the Surgeon, Sir, *One may see your Brains*: Nay, then, *I'll be hang'd*, said he; *If I had had any Brains, I had never come there.*

Some Thieves met a Man, robb'd him, and bound him in a Wood; a little after, they met with another, bound him also, and laid him on the other Side of the Hedge; then one of them cry'd out, saying, I am undone, I am undone! The other hearing him say so, pray'd him, that he would come and undo him too.

An old Fellow, having a great Itch after his Neighbour's Wife, employed her Chamber-maid in the Affair. At their next Meeting he enquir'd what Answer her Lady had sent him? Answer! says the Girl, why she has sent you *this* for a Token, giving him a smart Slap on the Face.

E

cry'd

cry'd the old Fellow, rubbing his Chops; *and you have lost none of it by the Way.*

A Scotch Bagpiper travelling into *Ireland*, open'd his Wallet by a Wood-side, and sat down to Dinner; he had no sooner said Grace, than three Wolves came about him: To one he threw Bread, to another Meat, till his Provisions were all gone; at length he took up his Bagpipes, and began to play; at which the Wolves ran away. *The Deel tak me*, said Sawney, *and I kenn'd you lov'd Musick so weel, ye shou'd have had it before Dinner.*

A Bridegroom, the first Night he was in Bed with his Bride, said unto her, When I solicited thy Chastity, hadst thou then condescended, I would never have made thee my Wife, for I did it only to try thee. *Faith*, said she, *I did imagine as much, but I had been cozened so, three or four Times before, and I was resolved to be fooled so no more.*

One, when the Hangman came to put the Halter about his Neck, desired him not to bring the Rope too near his Throat; *For I am*, says he, *so ticklish about that Place, that I shall hurt myself so with over laughing, that it will go near to throttle me.*

A young buxom Baggage, with a Candle in her Hand, was set upon by a Hot-spur, who by all Means must have a Bout with her; but she vow'd, if he meddled with her, she would burn him: Will you so, says he, I'll try that, and thereupon blew out the Candle, thinking himself safe from the Threat; however, not long after, he found she was as good as her Word.

A young Woman came to a Lady to be hired, and the Lady told her she was no Maid. Yes, indeed, Madam, says she, but I am. How can that be, reply'd the Lady, when, to my Knowledge, you have had a Child? Well, Madam, says she, it was but a very little one, and do you make such a Matter of that?

It was said of Physicians, that Earth was very charitable to them, for that it cover'd a Multitude of their Sins.

Three young conceited Wits, as they thought themselves, passing along the Road near Oxford, met a grave old Gentleman, with whom they had a Mind to be rudely merry. Good-Morrow, Father Abraham, said one: Good-Morrow, Father Isaac, said the next: Good-Morrow, Father Jacob, cry'd the last: *I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob,* replied the old Gentleman, *but Saul, the Son of Kish, who went to seek his Father's Asses; and lo! here I have found them.*

A Lady seeing a Gentleman dance, found Fault with him, and said, He straddled too much. Oh, Madam, replied the Gallant, *if you had that between your Legs that I have, you would straddle a great deal more, I dare say.*

A Master telling a Servant that he had owed him a Beating a great while; *take Notice,* said the Man, *I never asked you for it.*

A Man and his Wife being in Bed together, towards Morning, Madam pretended to be much out of Order, desiring to lye on the Husband's

Side ; the good Man, to humour her, came over, but made some short Stay in the Middle ; about half an Hour after, she wanted to come on her own Side of the Bed again ; the good old Man obliged her the second Time ; but, not content with this, a little while after she must needs change Places again : How can it be ? said the Husband. Why, can't you come the same Way you did before ? answered the Wife. *No, by my Troth,* replied he, *I would rather go five Miles about.*

An old Maid boasting of her Freedom to a married Lady, whom she affected to pity, for being in a State of Servitude ; the Lady told her, *that her Freedom was no more honourable than that of barren Countries, which had never been thought worth the Trouble of a Conquest.*

A jolly *Crispin* having a confounded Scold to his Wife, happened to come Home one Night at a late Hour, very much troubled with a drunken Vertigo in his Noddle : He had no sooner entered the Shop, but his angry Help-mate, in a mighty Passion for his Offence, began to spurt out such provoking Messes of maundering Broth, in the very Teeth of her Pot-valiant Spouse, that he swore, Since he could not be quiet at Home, he would return from whence he came, and spend the rest of the Night where he could be more easy. She still persisted in her termagant Spirit, and very aggravating Words were tossed backwards and forwards, till at last the Difference grew too great for any present Reconciliation. A Chimney-sweeper coming by, who had pawn'd his Brushes and Shovel for an Evening's Draught, over-hearing their coarse Compliments, stood a little under the Eves to listen to the Fray.

The

The Shoemaker at last grew so highly enraged, that he swore he would go out again; and wrenching open the Door, in spite of his Wife's Resistance, out he went, and away he stagger'd, she bawling after him in these Words, *viz. Go and be hang'd you Rogue, since you will go; and may the Devil go with you.* The Chimney-sweeper, when he heard the Door open, skuttled away a little before the Shoemaker, and stepped up into an Alley, till *Crispin* was gone past him; then flinging his sooty Sack, which he had upon his Shoulders, over his Head like a Hood, that he might make the more unusual Figure, he trudged after the Shoemaker, till he got just upon the Heel of him. *Crispin*, hearing somebody come rattling after, faced about, and by the Light of the Stars, discovered a strange black Monster just at the very Nose of him. *Who are you?* says the Shoemaker. *The Devil*, cries the Chimney-sweeper. *Pray, Mr. Devil*, says *Crispin*, *what do you want with me?* Your Wife sent me after you, cries the Chimney-sweeper, to fetch you Home. Home! cries *Crispin*, pray Mr. Devil, to what Home, your Home, or my Home? To your own Home, answered the Chimney-sweeper. Then by all the Shoes in my Shop, says *Crispin*, I will not go, except you will first carry my Wife to your Home, and then I'll go Home presently. Done, says the Chimney-sweeper, stay you here till I return, and I'll pack her off for you instantly. Done, cries the Shoemaker, do you perform your Work, and I'll perform my Word. Away runs the Chimney-sweeper, to the Shoemaker's House in St. Martin's, knocks at the Door, to which comes the Wife in her Smock, expecting it was her Husband; the Chimney-sweeper, for the fear of frightening her, presently discovers himself, and tells her what a Trick he had

put upon her Husband, and upon what Errand her Spouse had sent him; and that if she would but first let him make him a Cuckold, he would engage to make him a good Husband for ever after: Upon this Condition the Wife consented, and the Business being done with a Jerk, he gave her Directions how she should manage the Matter, and return'd again to the Shoemaker, who waited with great Impatience to hear the Success. Well, says *Crispin* to the Devil, as he thought, have you done the Business? Ay, ay, says the *Chimney-sweeper*; effectually, therefore make haste Home, for I forgot to shut the Door after me. How did she behave herself, says *Crispin*, did she not scold damnable? Confoundedly, cries the *Chimney-sweeper*; she has already put Hell in an Uproar; and how long we shall be able to keep her there, the L——d knows. —Wounds! says the Shoemaker, good Devil keep her now thou hast her, for if you let her come back again, I shall certainly hang myself; so bidding each other farewell, away went *Crispin* with great Joy to his own House, where the Door was left on a Jar, and his Wife stood hid in a Closet above Stairs, according to the *Chimney-sweeper's* Directions. *Crispin*, went up Stairs to Bed, pleasing himself with the Thoughts of the great Kindness the Devil had done him, and sitting himself down on the Bedside, began to undress, making himself merry with a Piece of an old Ballad, which he thought very applicable to his present Happiness, viz.

I value not Silver or Gold,

Now I'm rid of a troublesome Evil:

My Wife was a damnable Scold,

But now she is gone to the Devil.

Upon

Upon these Words, out bolts his Wife upon him from the Closet, with her Hair about her Ears like a Fury, and her Smock as black with the Chimney-sweeper's smuggling her, as if herself had been the Devil, crying out, *You lie you Rogue, I defy the Devil and all his Works. I will make you know, Sirrah, there is never a Devil in Hell can master me, if I am set on't*; you may see by my Pickle, I was forced to struggle hard to overcome Satan; and since I have conquer'd the Devil I am resolved I'll master you. The poor Shoemaker, in the midst of his Jollity, was so sadly cow'd at his Tormentor's Appearance, that he was forced to cry *paccavi*, and could have no Power over her; so, upon *Crispin's* Submission, his Tongue-running Fury put on a clean Smock, in order to invite her cozen'd Cuck-old to the butter'd Bun which the Chimney-sweeping Devil had left him for his Supper, and then tumbled into Bed, where all past Differences were reconciled by the matrimonial Peace-maker.

A Merchant-Ship being severely toss'd in a Storm, and all the Crew despairing of Safety, betook themselves to Prayers, except one Mariner, who was all the while wishing to see two Stars; Oh! said he, that I could but see two Stars, or but one of them. He made so frequent Repetition of these Words, as to disturb the Meditation of the Rest; at length, one of the Crew asked him, what two Stars, or what one Star he meant? To whom he reply'd, *Oh! that I could see the Star in Cheap-side, or that in Coleman-street, I care not which.*

A poor Fellow, going to Execution, had a Reprieve come just as he got to the Gallows, and was

was taken back by the Sheriff's Officer; who told him he was a happy Fellow, and ask'd if he knew nothing of the Reprieve before? *No*, reply'd the Fellow, *I thought no more of it than I did of my dying Day.*

A Wench swearing a Bastard Child to a Gentleman in the Country, the Justice having a Respect for the Gentleman's Lady, took upon him to joke the Gentleman, and asked him, Why he would defile his Marriage-Bed? *There was no Bed in the Case*, answered the Gentleman, *good Mr. Justice, for it was done in a Field.*

A Country Curate, who had much insisted in an Afternoon-Sermon, that Reason was given to Man, for a *Bridle* to curb and restrain his Passions; happening the same Evening to take so large a Dose at a Christening, that he was obliged to be carried home; the next Morning one of his Parishioners asked him, what he had done with his *Bridle* over Night? He replied, *I just took it off to drink.*

King *Philip* of Spain being requested to consider that his Son *Don Carlos*, whose Death he had decreed, was his own Blood: *Be it so*, said he sternly; *but when my Blood is bad, I let it out.*

A Country Fellow being sent to a notorious Bawdy House, formerly in *Salisbury-Court*, and having remember'd to forget his Errand, when he came into the Neighbourhood, he said, He wanted a *Bedfordshire* Woman, but had forgot her Name. —Forgot her Name, said one, then who the Devil should tell you any Thing of her? Now you
Name

name the *Devil*, said the Fellow, you have brought it into my Head, it is the Sign of the *Angel*: Nay, answered another, *if you had named the Devil at first, we had sent you thither.*

An amorous young Fellow, who design'd a Favour to his Neighbour's Wife, the Chamber-maid came running in, and told him her Master was at the Door. 'Sdeath, said the Lover, can't I get out thro' the Parlour Window? No, no, replied the Girl, *there are some Iron Bars; but if you will run up Three-pair-of-stairs, you may jump out of the Garret Window easy enough.*

It was said of a Woman of the Town, by a Rake who knew her and saw her in a Prison, that she had now seen the four Ages: The golden one, when her Favours would procure her a Guinea; the Silver one, when they came down to Half-a-crown; the Brazen one, when she was not beneath accepting Copper; and at length the Iron one, now she was reduced to look through a Prison Window.

A Quaker, who had married a Female Holderforth, said to one of another Persuasion, who jest-ed upon him, for taking to Wife a Preacher in Petticoats; *that is was better to ride a Priest, than to be Priest-ridden.*

That *too much of any Thing is bad*, the following String of Maxims will make it appear.

Too much rest breeds Heaviness.

Too much Noise stuns us.

Too much Coldness is Indolence.

Too

Too much Activity is Turbulence.
 Too much Love disturbs our Reason.
 Too much of a Remedy becomes a Poison.
 Too much Finesse is Artifice.
 Too much Rigour is Cruelty.
 Too much OEconomy is Avarice.
 Too much Courage is Rashness.
 Too much Estate is a Burthen.
 Too much Employment is Labour.
 Too much Pleasure brings Death on upon the
 Spur.
 Too much Wit is hurtful.
 Too much Confidence betrays us.
 Too much Frankness makes Enemies.
 Too much Good-nature is Weakness.
 Too much State is Haughtiness.
 Too much Complaisance is Meanness.
 Too much Politeness is surfeiting.
 One seeing a Bishop in a Coach and Six, said, he
 was sure he was not in the Way to Heaven, for that
 was too narrow to be a Coach-road.

Mr. Pope, being at Dinner with a noble Duke,
 had his own Servant in Livery waiting upon him;
 the Duke asked, Why he, that eat mostly at other
 People's Tables, should be such a Fool as to keep
 a Fellow in Livery only to laugh at him? *'Tis true,*
 answered the Poet, *I keep but one to laugh at me, but*
your Grace has the Honour to keep a Dozen.

An impudent ridiculous Fellow, being laughed at
 by all that came into his Company, told some of
 his Acquaintance, that he had the happy Quality of
 laughing at all those who laughed at him; then, said
 one

one of them, *you lead the merriest Life of any Man in Christendom.*

A Fellow having his Breeches torn between his Legs, that something hung out, which being espy'd by a young Lass, she asked what it was? He told her, it was his Purse. Your Purse, says she, if that be your Purse, then I am sure my Purse is cut.

A Countryman enquiring the Way to *Newgate*, an arch Fellow, who heard him, said, he'd shew him the Way presently, *Do but go cross the Kennel*, said he, *to yon Goldsmith's Shop, and move off with one of those Silver Tankards, and it will bring you thither presently.*

King *Charles* the Second, with some of his Nobles, being a Hay-making, *Nell Gwynn* was with them, and looking upon them; Quoth the King, So *Nell*, why don't you make Hay? To which she said, if your Majesty and the Nobles will cock as much as you can, I'll spread for you all.

A Gentleman complaining of a Misfortune, said, it was along of that drunken Sot his Man, who could not keep him sober. *With respect to your Worship*, said the Fellow, *I know very few drunken Sots that keep themselves sober.*

A merry drolling Fellow, who lived with a Lady that was just on the Point of Matrimony, being sent with a How-d'ye to an Acquaintance of her's, who lived a few Miles off, was asked how his Lady

dy did? *Ab, dear Madam, replied the Fellow, She can never live long in this Condition.*

A Person advising a Lady in Town to marry a Country Gentleman; to recommend the Match in the stronger Terms, told her, it would be more convenient for her, because his *Concerns* in the Country joined to her's. *Ay, says the Lady, but his CONCERNS shall never join to mine in Bed.*

A Person who had a chargeable Stomach, used often to assuage his Hunger at a Lady's Table, having promised, one Time or other, to help her to a Husband. At length he came to her, Now, Madam, says he, I have brought you a Knight, a Man of Worth and Dignity, one that will furnish out a Table well. Phoo, says the Lady, your Mind's ever running on your Belly: No, says he, 'tis sometimes running o' yours, you see.

A certain Lady to excuse herself for a Frailty she had lately fallen into, said to an intimate Friend of her's, *Lord! how is it possible for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpickt, when every Fellow has got a Key to it.*

A Philosopher carrying something hid under his Cloak, an impertinent Person asked him, What he had under his Cloak? To which the Philosopher answered, *I carry it there that you might not know.*

A Gentleman who had a Suit in Chancery, was called upon by his Counsel to put in his Answer, for fear of incurring Contempt. And why, said the Gentleman, is not my Answer put in? How should

should I draw your answer, cried the Lawyer, till I know what you can swear? *Pox on your Scruples*, replied the Client, *prithee do your Part as a Lawyer, and draw a sufficient Answer, and let me alone to do the Part of a Gentleman, and swear to it.*

A rich Farmer's Son, who had been bred at the University, coming home to visit his Father and Mother, they being one Night at Supper on a couple of Fowls, he told them, that, by *Logic* and *Arithmetic*, he cou'd prove those two Fowls to be three. Well, let us hear, said the old Man. Why this, cried the Scholar, is *one*, and this, continued he, is *two*, two and one, you know, make *three*. *Since you have made it out so well*, answered the old Man, *your Mother shall have the first Fowl, I will have the Second, and the Third you may keep yourself for your Learning.*

An *Irishman* being at a Tavern, where the Cook was dressing some Flounders, observed some of them move, after they were gutted, and put into the Pan; which much surprizing *Teague*, said he, *of all the Christian Creatures I ever saw, these same Flounders will live the longest, after they are dead.*

An honest bluff Country Farmer, meeting the Parson of the Parish in a Bye-lane, and not giving him the Way so readily as he expected, the Parson, with an erected Crest, told him, he was better fed than taught. Very true, indeed Sir, replied the Farmer, for you teach me, and I feed myself.

A Lady perceiving her Maid to be with Child, asked her, who was the Father of it? Indeed, Madam, said she, my Master. And where did he
F get

get it, said the Lady? In your Chamber, Madam, answered the other, after you were gone to Bed. And why did not you cry out, said the Lady? Indeed, Madam, replied the other, I made no Noise for fear of awaking you.

A Gentleman in Company, once took an Opportunity to discourse upon the Fertility of his Country, and told the Gentlemen, that the Turnips in that Place were so much bigger than the Sheep, that they frequently eat into them, and buried themselves there from the Cold. That I know to be true, says a Gentleman present, for I was once at Dinner upon a boil'd Leg of Mutton and Turnips in your very Parish; and from the very first Turnip I cut, out jump'd a Sheep.

A virtuous Lady being once in a musing Vein, sat with her Legs pretty wide; said her Husband, Sweetheart, your Cabinet stands open. Say you so, said she, Why don't you lock it then? for I am sure none keeps the Key but yourself.

A drunken Fellow was brought before a Justice, and what Question soever he asked him, he still said, Your Worship's wife; upon which he committed him till next Morning; and sent for him again, and told him of his idle Talk the Night before. Why, what did I say? Why, whatsoever I said to you, says the Justice, you still said your Worship's wife; so that I thought you were mad. Truly, says he, if I said so, I think I was mad indeed.

One of the Ambassadors from *Morocco*, having never seen Snow, till he came into *England*, and observing

observing (when it snow'd) that the Boys gathered it up in their Hands, said, It is no wonder the *English* are so fair, since they wash themselves in white Rain.

An *Irish* Fellow, vaunting of his Birth and Family, affirmed, that when he came first to *England*, he cut such a Figure, that the Bells were rung thro' every Town he pass'd to *London*. *Ah!* says a Gentleman in Company, *I suppose that was, because you came up in a Waggon with a Bell-team.*

One seeing a kept Whore, who made a very great Figure, asked, What Estate she had? *Oh,* says another, *a very great Estate in Tail.*

One *Irishman* meeting another, ask'd, What was become of their old Acquaintance *Patrick Murphy*? *Arrah, now, -dear Honey,* answered the other, *poor Patty was condemn'd to be hang'd; but he saved his Life by dying in Prison.*

A Woman prosecuting a Gentleman for a Rape; upon Trial, the Judge asked her, if she made any Resistance? *I cry'd out,* an't please your Lordship, said the Woman. *Ay,* said one of the Witnesses, *but that was nine Months after.*

A Countryman sowing his Field, and two smart Fellows riding by, one of 'em call'd to him with an insolent Air; well, honest Countryman, it is your Business to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour. To which the Farmer replied, *It is very likely you may, for truly I am sowing Hemp.*

An Adress, belonging to *Drury-lane Theatre*, somewhat vain of her Singing, was tuning her Pipes in the green Room, whilst an Actor, remarkable for his Strength of Expression, sat in a pensive Posture, with a Chew of Tobacco in his Mouth. Mr. Gravity, says the Lady, don't you think I sing like *Signiora*, &c. D——n me, Madam, if I was thinking about you, quoth he. Why, how now, Sauce-box, says she, tis not long since I saw you act the Part of *Timothy Rag* in your own Cloaths, and the whole House observ'd you was well dress'd for the Part. Madam, says the Gentleman, *if spitting upon you was not taking Notice of you, I wou'd do it.*

Sir Godfrey Kneller the Painter, and the late Doctor Radcliffe had a Garden in common, but with one Gate; which Sir Godfrey, upon some Occasion, order'd to be nail'd up. When the Doctor heard of it, he said, he did not care what Sir Godfrey did to the Gate, so he did not paint it. This being told Sir Godfrey, *Well*, reply'd he, *I can take that, or any Thing but Physick, from my good Friend, Doctor Radcliffe.*

A Lieutenant of a Man of War, getting Leave of his Captain to spend a Month or two in Town, lodg'd in a House, where there were two Sisters, to the eldest of which he made his Addressee; but Matters not being brought to a Conclusion before his Time was expired, he was obliged to leave his Lady, and return to his Ship. He had not been many Weeks on board, before he received a melancholy Letter from his Mistress, in which she told him, that the Fruit of their Love now began to appear; and that, if he did not come and perform

form his promise, her reputation was gone. Among her other Complaints, she told him, that nothing vex'd her so much as the Reproaches of her Sister, who, upon the slightest Occasion, says she, calls me nothing but Whore; *whereas, to my certain Knowledge, she wou'd have been a Whore too had she not miscarried.*

One who was grown rich of a sudden, from a very mean and beggarly Condition, and began to take great State upon him, was met one Day by a poor Acquaintance, who accosted him in a very humble Manner, but being taken no Notice of, cried out, *Nay, it is no great Wonder you should not know me, when you have forgot yourself.*

A young Lady, who was lately married, on seeing her Husband about to rise pretty early in the Morning, said, what, my Dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer, and rest yourself. No, my Dear, reply'd the Husband, *I'll e'en get up and rest myself.*

One John Scot, famous for Learning, being asked by a young Gallant, who thought to have passed a Joke upon him, as he sat at the Table, What difference there was between a Scot and a Sol? answered suddenly, *Mensa tantum*, the Table's Breadth; for the other sat over against him.

Some rattling young Fellows from London, putting into a Country Inn, seeing a plain rough-hewn Farmer there; says one of them, You shall see me dumb-found that Countryman:—So, coming up to him, he gave his Hat a twirl round, saying, *There's Half-a-crown for you Countryman.* The Far-

mer, after recovering a little from his Surprise, rear'd his Oaken Towel, and surveying him very gravely, gave him two very handsome Drubs on the Shoulder, saying, *I thank you for your Kindness, Friend, there's two Shillings of your Money again.*

One of the aforesaid rattling Blades having been once a little kick'd for his Impertinence, demanded of his Benefactor, with a bluff Face, Whether he was in earnest or not? Yes, Faith, said the other, in very good Earnest, laying his hand on his Sword.—*Say ye so*, replied he, *I am glad of that with all my Heart*, for I don't like such Jest.

An arch Boy, belonging to one of the Ships of War at *Portsmouth*, had purchased of his Play-fellows a Magpye, which he carried to his Father's House, and was at the Door feeding it, when a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, who had an Impediment in his Speech, coming up, *T—T—T Tom*, says the Gentleman, *can your Mag T—T—Talk yet?* *Ay, Sir*, says the Boy, *better than you, or I'd wring his Head off.*

The late Rev. Mr. ****, who was a proud insolent Priest, took a testy old Parishioner to task for not frequenting Church, &c. and told him, he presumed he did not know one of the Commandments; do you know the first, says the Parson, *Thou shalt have no other Gods but me*; then, by George, says the old Fellow, *I had rather have none at all.*

N E W S.

FEB. 2. It was Yesterday rumoured that there was heard a mighty Squeaking near this Place, as

of an Army of Mice, who were thought to lie in Ambuscade in a Barley-Mow: Upon this, the Farmer assembled together a Counsel of Neighbours, wherein it was resolved, that the Mow should be removed to prevent further Destruction of the Forage. This Day the Affair was put in Execution, four hundred and seventy-nine Mice and three large Rats were killed, and a vast Number wounded, by Pitch-Forks and other Instruments of Husbandry. A Mouse that was close pursued, took shelter under *Dolly's* Petticoats; but, by the Vigilance of *Geo. Simmons*, he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his Way thro' a deep *Morass*, and crushed to Death on the Spot; there was nothing material happened the next Day, only *Joan Hart* was observed to make Water, under the said Mow, as she was going a Milking.

3. It is very credibly reported, that there is a Treaty of Marriage on Foot between the old red Cock and the Pyed Hen, they having of late appeared very much in publick together: He Yesterday made her a Present of three large Barley Corns, so that we may look on this Affair as concluded. This is the same Cock that fought a Duel for her a Month ago.

7. This Day a Jack Daw, well known in the Parish, was ordered close Prisoner to a Cage, for crying Cuckold to a Justice of Peace.

M O R T A L I T Y.

Several Casualties have happened this Week, as follows, there have died of the Falling Sickness two stumbling Horses, as also one of their Riders. *Smothered* (in Onions) seven Rabbits. *Stifled* (in

a Soldier's Breeches) two *Geese*. Of a sore Throat, several Calves and Sheep. Starved to Death, one *Bastard Child*, nursed at the *Parish Charge*. *Still-born*, in Eggs of *Turkies*, *Geese*, *Ducks* and *Hens*, thirty-six. Drowned, nine *Puppies*. Of Wind in the Bowels, five Bottles of Small Beer.

P. S. The Black Hen was last Night safely delivered of seven young Ducks. We having nothing material to say in regard to the Stocks, only *Dick Adams* was put in for swearing last Sunday.

A noble Duke, who stammer'd so much that he was obliged to have a Servant stand behind him to repeat what he said, asked a Clergyman, at his Table, by Way of Joke, if he knew what was the Reason that *Balaam's Ass* spoke? The Clergyman not understanding him, the Servant repeated what his Grace had said. To which the Parson pleasantly answered, that *Balaam* stuttered, and his *Ass* spoke for him.

The same noble Duke asked a Clergyman once at the Bottom of his Table, why the Goose, if there was one, was always plac'd next to the Parson? Really, said he, *I can give no Reason for it; but your Question is so odd, that I shall never see a Goose for the future, without thinking of your Lordship.*

When the late Dauphin of *France* said to the facetious Duke of *Roquelaure*, stand farther off, *Roquelaure*, for you stink. The Duke replied, *I ask your Pardon, Sir, 'tis you that smell, not I.*

A Man having a prodigious large Beard, one said he had eaten a Horse, and *the Tail hung out of his Mouth*; another seeing a little Fellow with a great Beard, asked, *Who was that which stood behind the Beard?*

A young Spark dining at his Friend's House, and having promised a Lady to meet her in the Afternoon, being obliged to stay and play at Cards, sent his Man with an Excuse to the Lady, and whispered to him, that when he came back, he might deliver his Answer before the Company, aloud, as if he came from a Gentleman: Accordingly away went his Servant, and being called in on his Return, Well, said his Master, was the Gentleman at home? Yes, Sir, answered the Man.. And what said he? replied the Master. That it was very well, for he was engaged this Evening. And what was he doing? *Putting on his Hood and Capuchin to go to the Play*, Sir, said the Footman.

A cleanly Wench was making of Black Puddings, and her Dame told her, the Stuff looked dry, for there was not Blood enough. Truly, Dame, says she, *I think there is Blood enough, for my Nose has bled this Half Hour, and all dropt into the Bowl*: I would they were in your Guts, says her Dame: Truly, says the Maid, I intend they shall be, when they are boiled.

A well experienced Fellow, having (as he thought) newly married a Maid; the much desired Wedding-Night was come, and when he was in Bed with his simpering Bride, he began to attempt the taking of the Virgin Citadel; but finding

ing so much Facility at the first Charge, he began to be in a great Passion against his Bride, and cry'd out, You damn'd Whore, you are no Maid. To whom she as confidently replied, A Pox on you for a Whoremaster, who made you so skilful?

An old Parson was reprehending the Gallants of the Times, saying, Beloved, the Apparel which Men now wear, make them look like Apes, in their short Breeches; and the Ladies, forsooth, must have their Gowns draggling half a Yard upon the Ground, a very unseemly Sight: Now, to rectify this Disorder, you Women should take up your Coats; and you Men should let down your Breeches; that is, Women must make their Coats short, and Men their Breeches longer.

A Scrivener's Man, reading a Bill of Sale to his Master, said, I do demise, grant, and to farm let all my Land, &c. but, on a sudden, the Cough took him; at which, his Master bid him read on, with a Pox to you; says he, *your Heirs and their Heirs for ever.*

A RECEIPT to keep one's self warm a whole Winter with a single Log of Wood.

Take a Log of Wood of a large Size, fling it out of the Garret Window into the Yard, run down Stairs as hard as ever you can drive; and when you have got it, run up again with it at the same Measure of Speed; and thus keep throwing down, and fetching up, till the Exercise shall have sufficiently heated you. This renew as often as Occasion requires.

One

One having a Kinswoman come out of the Country, that was never at *London* before, invited her abroad, and having shew'd her the Tombs at *Westminster*, came with her to the King's Chapel, where the Organs were playing, and entering in, he took her by the Hand to lead her to a convenient Seat; but she held back, saying, indeed Cousin you must excuse me, I cannot dance.

A certain Lady finding her Husband somewhat too familiar with her Chambermaid, turn'd her away, saying, Hussy, I have no Occasion for such Sluts as you; *I hired you to do your own Business, not mine.*

Daniel Purcel, the famous Punster, meeting with a Friend on the 30th of *January*, being King *Charles's* Martyrdom, they went to the *Salutation Tavern* on *Holbourn-Hill*, where, finding the Door shut, they knock'd. One of the Drawers peeping through a little Wicket, asked, what they wou'd please to have? Have! says *Daniel*, open your Door, and draw us a Pint of Wine. The Drawer answered, his Master would not allow of it, for it was a Fast. D——n your Master, replied he, for a precise Coxcomb; is he not contented to fast himself, but he must make his Door fast too?

Voltaire, having lampooned a Nobleman, was, one Night in his Way home, intercepted by him, and handsomely cudgelled for his licentious Wit; upon which, he applied to the Duke of *Orleans*, who was then Regent, and begg'd him to do Justice in the Affair: Sir, replied the Regent, smiling, *it has been done already.*

A Lady, by way of Preparation for acting, at Dinner, the delicate divine Creature, above the coarse Joy of a good Stomach, used to have a Fowl brought to her, in her Closet, by her trusty Maid, and having pick'd it to the Bones, drawled out, "*Here, Hannah, take it away, I can make nothing of it; I have a very poor Stomach.*"

A young Gentleman in the Country desired his Friend in Town to look out for a Wife for him, with a Fortune which he specified. His Friend executed his Commission, and sent him a Picture of the Lady; upon Sight of which, he ordered him to conclude the Treaty, which he would himself ratify in Person in a few Days. Every Thing being favourably disposed, the young Gentleman came to Town, with an Intention to consummate the Match; but finding the Lady had been grossly flattered by the Painter, he absolutely declined the Marriage; but told his Friend that to pacify him, he would marry the Picture with all his Heart.

A Gentleman, who had given a Lady of the Town a Purse of Guineas, was seized by some sudden Disgust before he had proceeded farther than lifting up her Petticoats. In short, he liked her so little, that he insisted upon his Purse again; but she desired to be excused, telling him, "that no Money could be returned after the Curtain was drawn up."

A young Gentleman of *Hackney*, known by the Name of, '*Squire Suck-Bottle*, made it his Endeavour to procure a Match with *Sir Thomas Closepurse's* Daughter; in a little Time he made a considerable Progress in his Design, and had gained both

both the Affections and Consent of the young Lady, before he had propos'd any Treaty with her Father, who hearing of the Intrigue between *Suck-Bottle* and his Daughter, was so highly enraged at this clandestine Proceeding, that he forwarn'd him his House; and, as a more secure Prevention of the Match, confin'd his Daughter close Prisoner in her own Apartment. The young 'Squire being deeply concerned at the severe Usage of his beloved Mistress, assumed the Courage of a *Roman* Lover, and went, at Midnight, when all Things were hush and silent, to *Closetpurse's* Habitation; where, by the Assistance of a Friend, he rais'd a Ladder, and mounted himself upon the Leads of the House, and, knowing her Lodgings, dropped a Letter down the Chimney, to give her Notice he would make her a Visit the next Night, the same Way, himself; which Letter, in the Morning, the Lady found with inexpressible Satisfaction.

According to the Time prefix'd, the 'Squire, with the Assistance of two trusty Friends, went in order to accomplish his Intrigue. The Engine he had prepared to shoot the Chimney, being a Rope and a Hand-basket, by which means he was convey'd safely through the sooty Gulph; at the Bottom of which, the panting Lady was ready to receive him in her joyful Arms.

The Signal to be given, by which his Friends should pull him up, was a Jog of the Rope. Such Familiarity had already pass'd between 'em, that they lost no Time in Courtship, but prepar'd themselves for those Joys to which they hasten'd with equal Eagerness. They had no sooner leap'd into their downy Elysium, but the Braces of the Tickling began to celebrate the Pleasure of the Night, with their accustomary Musick, which was unhap-

pily over heard by her Mother in the next Room, who waking her Husband, told him, she was sure somebody was got to Bed to her Daughter: Upon which, Sir *Thomas* leaps up, in a wonderful Haste, takes the Key of his Daughter's Chamber out of his Pocket, which he would not trust with any but himself, and gropes his Way to the Door. The Lovers having done with the first Course, and being laid down to take a little Breath, happened to hear the old Gentleman fumbling at the Key-hole; upon which, the Daughter, through a great Presence of Mind, skips nimbly out of Bed, sets a Chair between the Bed and the Chimney, kneels down, and, with Abundance of seeming Fervency, fell to Prayers; and just as her Father opened the Door softly, she was in this Part of her Devotion: I beseech thee make me a Comfort to my Father's grey Hairs, increase his Riches, advance him to high Honour, and may he live to the Age of *Methuselah*. The old Dad was so highly pleased with his Daughter's Piety, and kind Supplications for her aged Father, that he took no Notice, and would by no Means disturb her, but gently shut the Door, and returned to his Bed-fellow, giving her a sharp Reproof for having an evil Opinion of their dutiful and godly Child.

A *Romish* Priest, on a Fast-Day, going to officiate at a Convent of Nuns, received, by the Way, a Present of a live Carp, which he fixed, as well as he could, under his Cassock. The Women perceiving an unusual Motion about his Middle, expressed great Signs of Surprize; but the holy Priest, desirous to remove all Occasions of Scandal, addressing himself to them, and holding aside his

his Garment, said, *Good Sisters, I pray you be not offended, behold, it is nothing but FISH.*

King Charles II. being in Company with the Lord Rochester, and others of the Nobility, who had been drinking the best Part of the Night, Killigrew came in. Now, says the King, we shall hear of our Faults: No, Faith, says Killigrew, I don't care to trouble my Head with that which all the Town talks of.

A rich old Miser finding himself very ill, sent for a Parson to administer the last Consolation of the Church to him: Whilst the Ceremony was performing, old Gripewell falls into a Fit; on his Recovery, the Doctor offered the Chalice to him. Indeed, cries he, I can't afford to lend you above twenty Shillings upon't; I can't upon my Word.

A Woman would always give her Grand-daughter a Charge to bestow her Maidenhead well. One Day, being a Milking, a Neighbour's Son asked her what he should give her for it? She told him, her Grand-mother bid her bestow it well: Why, says he, you can't bestow it better than upon me; so she let him have it, and went home and told her Grand-mother what she had done; Out, you Jade, said she, get you gone back and fetch it, for no Man will marry you without it: So she went back, and told him what her Grand-mother said, and withal, that she was a very understanding Woman: Nay, nay, says she, I must have it: Well, if you must have it, says he, you shall; and so gave it her again, to her real Satisfaction.

A Soldier that lately came from *Flanders* went to a Tobacconist to buy two Ounces of Tobacco. So, Sir, said he, do you take *Spanish* Threepences? Yes, Friend, says the Tobacconist, if they will go. Nay, says the Soldier, if it will not go, I'll change it. Very well, very well, says the Tobacconist. With that, the Soldier put his Finger and Thumb into his Neck, and pulls out a thundering Loufe, and lays it down upon the Counter; whereupon the Tobacconist takes out his Spectacles to see what the Soldier had laid down; and while he was peeping on it, says the Soldier, what won't it go; if it won't, I'll change it, and give you another. Ay, says he, it will go very well, but pray let me have no more of your *Spanish* Threepences.

A young Lady at Court, retiring before a Prince who was rather too importunate, was stopped by a Skreen, which giving way, she fell with it. Upon this he burst into a Laughter. The young Lady a little disconcerted, and piqued, got up and said, she did not see where the Jest lay; for such were all the Supports at Court, when a Person was Fool enough to lean upon them.

A young Woman being newly married, told one of her sworn Sisters how she behaved herself on the Wedding-Night to her Husband. Oh, says she, when I was to go to Bed, I had much ado to be ashamed, and I unlaced myself and laced myself again; I pulled off my Petticoats, and put them on again; and my Shoes and Stockings I pulled off, and put them on again; but at last I pulled off all. Ah, Gad, I thought it so strange to go to Bed with a Man! And when I was in Bed, I bethought myself how I should lie; I thought if I should lie
with

with my Face towards him, he would say I was bold ; if I should lie with my A—— to him, he would say I was rude, so I even lay on my Back, let come what would.

A young Gentleman having had great Misfortunes, came to his Mistress, and told her, he was reduced, even to the Want of five Guineas ; to which she reply'd, I'm glad of it with all my Heart ! Are you so, Madam, says he ? suspecting her Constancy : Pray, for what Reason ? *Because,* said she, *I can furnish you with five Thousand.*

One going in the Dark, put forth his Arms to prevent hitting his Face, and running against a Post, hit his Nose ; *Hey dey !* says he, *I never thought my Nose was longer than my Arms ; if ever I go in the Dark-again, I'll carry a Candle in my Hand.*

A Gentleman on Horseback, and his Man on Foot, stroking the Horses Buttocks, received a Kick ; upon which he took up a Stone to throw at him, and hit his Master on the Back, which made his Master ask what was the Matter ? *Alas, Sir,* said he, holding his Leg, *your Horse hath lamed one of my Legs.* *Ay,* said his Master, *he is very unruly, for he has kick'd me on the Back, and 'tis well he missed my Head.*

A Gentleman riding through Part of *Wales*, seeing some Goats upon the Mountains, and meeting with a *Welshman* at the same Time, thinking to put a Trick upon him, asked him what Country-men they were ? *Why,* truly, *hur thinks them to*

be *Welshmen* by their Beards, but hur is sure they be *Englisbmen* by their Horns.

A famous Teacher of *Arithmetic*, who had long been married, without being able to get his Wife with Child; one said to her, Madam, your Husband is an excellent *Arithmetician*. Yes, replied she, *only he cannot Multiply*.

A Wench had a very large Quantity of Tripe to wash and cleanse; as she was washing it, her Dame told her, there was not hot Water enough; then she took and pist upon it very plentifully, and rubb'd it in with great Care: Says her Dame, have you used a good store of hot Water to it? Yes, says the Maid, *I made a Quart just now, which I believe is enough; but if it is not, I'll try and make some more by and by.*

A jolly Seaman happening into the Company of some romancing Travellers, very confidently affirmed this following Story, viz. The last Voyage, says he, I took, was in a small Vessel called the *Sparrow's Nest*, bound directly to *Jamaica*, where we lay in Harbour about six Weeks, before we got her freighted. From thence we were consigned back to a Merchant in *London*; and the Day before we sailed, we took on board an old Woman, as a Passenger, who, for many Years, had kept a Bawdy-House in *Port-Royal*, till she had successfully acquired, by the Industry of the Tail, the Value of 2000*l.* which she had changed into *Spanish Gold*, and had brought on board with her, in a small Escrutoir, being very desirous of spending her latter Days in *England*, that when she died, she might lay her bones to rest in her own Country. We weighed

weighed Anchor with the Wind at West and by South, getting clear of the Land without any Difficulty, and skudded merrily on, till we made *Cuba*, and the Isle of *Pines*, then *Cape Florida*, and so entered the Gulph ; but before we got through (as ill Fortune would have it) a Plank happened to start, and we sprung a Leak so fast, that, notwithstanding our Pumps, we had four Feet Water in the Hold, in less than an Hour's Time ; so that we had no Hopes left of saving ourselves, but by taking to our Boat ; which accordingly we did, taking in the Compass, and such Biskets and fresh Water as we could venture to carry along with us. The old Woman begged hard that we would take in her Box of Money, which, on second Thoughts, we yielded to, not knowing how useful it might prove to us, if we should chance to be driven on Shore amongst the *Florida Indians*. We were in all but eight Hands, besides the old Woman, who was as penitent for all her past Crimes, as an old Thief going to the Gallows.

Thus, exposed to the Rage of the merciless Ocean, we depended wholly upon Providence to protect us ; rowing by Turns, keeping in a right Course by the Direction of our Compass, having nothing but the Dread of Destruction before our Eyes, unless by some unexpected Miracle prevented. The Remainder of the Day we spent in Labour at our Oars, till at last Night drew on, having neither Ship nor Shore in Sight, from whence to expect Safety ; but Fortune favouring us with little Wind, and calm Sea, we thought it necessary to refresh our Bodies with a little Rest, that we might be the better able to strive against the Hardship of tempestuous Weather, if it should happen. Accordingly we drew Lots who should sit at the Helm,

Helm, and look out for a Sail, or awake the rest, if any Danger should arise; and who should the Lot fall upon but myself; agreeably thereto I took my Post, while the rest, being much tired with the Day's Fatigue, fell all to snoring in a very little Time; they had not long got the Start of me, but I grew so very drowsy, that I could not forbear nodding, and, at last, dropped into as sound a Sleep as any of them; that Death had now an Advantage to have catch'd us napping.

How many Hours we continued in this Silence, I cannot tell. At last, one awakes, and finds it so very dark, that he could neither see Moon, Star Sky, or Boat, nor could he perceive the Boat had any rolling Motion as is usual; with that he alarms the rest, who began to rub their Eyes, and endeavoured to look about them, but could not so much as see their Hands. Bless me, said I, it is a dark long Night: I believe we shall never see Day again. Another takes his Oar and claps it over board. W—ds, said he, we are cast ashore in some Creek, where the Tide has left us, for the Devil a Drop of Water is here about the Boat: For God's sake, says the old Woman, set me ashore, and give me my Box, I care not where I am, if it be but on dry Land. Prithee, said I, strike a Light, that we may see who and who's together: Which was accordingly done; upon which, we found ourselves pent up in a little Place, but where, we could not think or imagine. The old Woman seeing no Water about her, was over hasty to get upon dry Land, as she thought, and scrambled over the Gunnel of the Boat; in which Interim one of the Sailors, being a little more circumspect than ordinary, happened to espy the Entrails of some Creature or other hang over his Head.

Head: Z—ds, said he, we are got into a Butcher's Shambles, I think, for here's a delicate Pluck hangs: We have had no fresh Provisions a good while; by my Lord and my Lady, I'll have a good Slice of the Liver; draws out his Knife, and cuts off about two Pound; upon which, we were shot out as swift as an Arrow from a Bow, through a narrow Passage, and found ourselves again upon the Sea, and no Land near us; it being of a sudden broad Day Light, and the Sun almost upon the Meridian as we found afterwards by our Observations. We were all strangely startled and surprized, wondering from whence we came, or what Place that could be, from whence we were ejected with such a rapid Force. At last, looking round us, we espy'd a monstrous Whale, which occasioned us to mistrust he had gorged us in our Sleep, and was provoked, by the Wound in his Liver, to throw us up again. But as Fortune would have it, we brought the Money along with us, and left the old Bawd behind, for the Whale to spew up at another Opportunity.

One married but three Days, called her Husband Cuckold: Says her Mother, *Housewife, you are a Drab, to begin to call your Husband Cuckold already; for I have been married at least thirty Years to your Father, and durst never tell him of it yet.*

A Man was mark'd in the Forehead for having three Wives: What occasion was there for that, says one, for he was mark'd in the Forehead when he had but one.

A Gentleman who had been out a Shooting, brought home a small Bird with him, and having
an

an *Irish* Servant, he asked him if he had shot that little Bird? Yes, he told him. *Arrah, by my Shoul, Honey,* reply'd the *Irishman*, *it is not worth Powder and Shot; for this little Thing would have died in the Fall.*

A Man with one Eye married a Virgin as he thought, but found it otherwise, and upbraided her with her Unchastity. She told him, that he was not perfect himself, and would you have me so? For thou hast but one Eye, said she. But the Flaw I got, says he, was by my *Enemy*. And I mine by my *Friend*, said she, there's the Difference.

A Gentleman galloping furiously over plow'd Lands towards *Tame*, meeting one, says he, *Is this the Way to Tame?* Aye, says he, your Horse, if he be as wild as the Devil.

Two City Ladies meeting at a Visit, one a Grocer's Wife, and the other a Cheesemonger's, (who perhaps stood more upon the Punctilio of Precedence, than some of their Betters would have done at the Court End of the Town) when they had risen up and took their Leaves, the Cheesemonger's Wife was going out of the Room first, upon which the Grocer's Lady, pulling her back by the Tail of the Gown, and stepping before her, *No, Madam,* says she, *nothing comes after Cheese.*

One wooing a Widow, told her, he had three Qualities she must be acquainted with before Marriage; the first, that when he went abroad, he always came home brawling; says she, I'll prevent that

that by brawling myself first: Secondly, I must eat my Meat alone; says she, do, and spare not: And the third, that he would not lie with her above once a Month; said she, as for that, take your Course, for if you will not, another shall; for in that Time, I shall have a Months Mind to another.

A Country Girl went to carry her Grists to the Mill, where the Miller, seeing of her to be a young Lass, kiss'd her, and gave her more than she look'd for; the Wench, when she came home, had nothing in her Mouth but, here was a Miller with all my Heart! at which her Dame wondering, she would go herself next Time: But the Miller serving her as he did her Maid, she come home in the same Tone: The good Man, amazed to hear 'em both in the same Note, must needs go himself to find out the Mystry, where, giving the Miller some harsh Words, he fell about his Ears, and beat him soundly; this done the poor Man came home, and he said, here was a Miller with all my Heart! which the Wench over hearing, ran to her Dame and told her of it, adding withal, I don't think but the Miller hath served my Master as he hath done you and I.

A Scholar of Dr. Busby's coming into a Parlour where the Doctor had laid down a fine Bunch of Grapes for his own eating, takes it up, and says aloud, *I publish the Banns between these Grapes and my Mouth; if any one knows any just Cause or Impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it.* The Doctor being in the next Room, over-heard all that was said, and coming into the School, he ordered the Boy who had eaten his

his Grapes to be taken up, or, as they called it, hors'd on another Boy's Back, but before he proceeded to the usual Discipline, he cried out aloud, as the Delinquent had done ; *I publish the Banns between my Rod and this Boy's Breech, if any one knows any just Cause or Impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it.* I forbid the Banns, cried the Boy. Why so, said the Doctor? Because the Parties *are not agreed*, reply'd the Boy. Which Answer so pleased the Doctor, who loved to find any Readiness of Wit in his Scholars, that he ordered the Boy to be set down.

'Twas no bad Joke of Lady Starvegut's Footman, who, on the PANTRY being kept lock'd, nail'd up the NECESSARY ; on being asked the Reason, he told her Ladyship, while one was unopen, the other was unnecessary.

A Surgeon, being sent for to a Gentleman who had just received a slight Wound in a Rencounter, gave Orders to his Servant to go home with all Haste imaginable, and fetch a certain Plaister ; the Patient turning a little pale, Lord, Sir, said he, *I hope there is no Danger.* Yes, indeed is there, answered the Surgeon ; *for if the Fellow don't set up a good Pair of Heels, the Wound will heal before he returns.*

An elderly Lady was telling her Daughter, a Girl of Sixteen, of the abominable Lewdness and Wickedness of the Age, and what Debaucheries were daily practis'd by vicious Men, who made use of Violence as well as Art, to satisfy their brutal Appetites ; and how that Swords and Pistols had been put to Women, threatening them with im-

diate Death, if they refuse their unlawful Embraces; and then asked Miss, that if it should ever happen to be her Fate to meet with such a Trial, how she should behave? Says the Girl, *Life is sweet, Mamma.*

One telling another, he had once so excellent a Gun, that it went off immediately at a Thief coming into the House, altho' it was not charged. How the Devil can that be? says the other; because, said he, *the Thief carried it off; and what was worse, before I had Time to charge him with it.*

Two Gentlemen, the one named *Woodcock*, the other *Fuller*, walking together, happened to see an Owl; says the last, *That Bird is very much like a Woodcock.* You are wrong, says the first, for it is *Fuller in the Head, Fuller in the Eyes, and Fuller all over.*

One of the Commissioners of the Revenue in Ireland, being one Night in the Pit, at the Playhouse in *Dublin*, *Monocca Gaul*, the Orange Girl, famous for her Wit and Assurance, striding over his Back, he popp'd his Hands under her Petticoats. Nay, Mr. Commissioner, said she, *you'll find no Goods there but what have been fairly enter'd.*

A Sea-Captain's Opinion being asked about a future State, he answered, that *State Affairs* never troubled his Brains.

A Man and his Wife were chiding together, one desired them to agree as *Man and Wife* should do; *Why so we do,* says he, *for we are like a Pack of*
H Cards,

Cards, shuffle with one another all Day long, but at Night lie close together as Friends.

A certain Nobleman being called to Scarborough to drink the Waters, as he was walking one Morning, met *Dickey Dickenson*, and civilly asked how he did? *Do! my Lord*, reply'd he, *I do as most of you Noblemen do, I have turned off my Wife, and keep my Whore.*

A Gentleman had often solicited his Wife's Maid for a little of that which *Harry gave Doll*; but she denied it still, saying, he'd hurt her, and then she would cry out: After all was done, look ye there now, said he, did I hurt ye? Well, said she, or did I cry out?

It has been often observed, and with too much Truth, that *English Gentlemen* reap no Benefit by travelling. *Jack Smart* made a pretty Use of this when he told a prating Coxcomb, just returned from *Italy*, *That the English went out Figures, and return'd Cyphers.*

Men sometimes blunt out very unlucky Truths. A Town Beggar was very importunate with a rich Miser, whom he accosted in the following Phrase; Pray, Sir, bestow your Charity; good, dear Sir, bestow your Charity. *Prithee, Friend, be quiet*, replied old *Gripus*, *I have it not.*

A young Fellow, having made away with all he had, even to his last Suit of Cloaths, one said to him, Now, I hope you'll own yourself a happy Man; for you have put an End to all your Cares.

How

How so? said the Gentleman. *Because,* replied the other, *you have nothing left to take care of.*

In Queen Anne's Reign, the Lord Oxford, as was said, got a Number of Peers made at once to serve a particular Turn; being met the next Day by Lord Wharton, So, Robin, said he, *I find what you lost by Tricks, you got by Honours.*

A mad Crew went to a Tavern with a (devilish) Resolution to be damnable drunk; one being more overpowered than the rest, spew'd perpetually; and seeing that he could no longer bear them, Company, called for a Reckoning: Why, said one, cannot you tell that, that have so often cast up what you drank? *No marry, I cannot,* said he, *for I was so busy in casting up the Accompt, that I did not mind the Reckoning.*

A Lady told a simple Gentleman, that his Wit was pretty; Why so, said he? *Because,* says she, *you have so little, and all that's little is pretty.*

A certain Gentleman (whose Custom it is to put other People's Names to his own Works, that he himself may be at Liberty to praise them) presented my Lord *** with a Folio, and said, there my Lord, read that Book, which is wrote with the Pen of an Angel: But my Lord thrusting the Book from him, cry'd, *Sir, you mistake,—If Angels were to write Books, there would be no Folios.*

A Scotch Parson, in the Rump Time, in his babbling Prayer, said, *Laird bless the Grand Council, the Parliament, and grant they may all hang together.* A Country Fellow standing by, said *Yes,*

yes, with all my Heart, and the sooner the better; and I am sure it is the Prayer of all good People. But, Friends, said Sawney, I don't mean as that Fellow means, but pray they may all hang together in Accord and Concord. No matter what Cord, replied the other, so 'tis but a strong Cord.

An old hearty Sea-commander, aboard whose Ship divine Service was constantly celebrated, being tired with the Clerk's continually setting one Psalm, which was, *All People that on Earth do dwell*; said in a Pet, *Damn all People that on Earth do dwell*, I will have, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

Never, says an Eminent Writer, depend on the following Things.

On the Shade of a passing Cloud, which the Wind drives along.

On the Friendship of the Ill-designing, which like Lightning, shines and destroys.

On the Love of Women, which goes out with the least Gust of Caprice.

On Beauty, whose Reign is but for a Moment.

On false Praise, because it is raised upon nothing.

On worldly Wealth, which, if it does not leave you, you must certainly leave.

Sir William D'Avenant the Poet, who had no Nose, going along the *Mews* one Day, a Beggar-woman followed him, saying, God preserve your Eye-sight. Why, good Woman, says he, dost thou pray so much for my Eye-sight? Ah! dear Sir, answered the Woman, if it please God you grow dim-sighted, you have no Place to hang your Spectacles on.

A very grave Person being carried before a Magistrate, for having a little Thing as big as a Bastard laid to him ; one that was passing by, asked, what was the Matter ? Only, says another, an old Gentleman is apprehended upon Suspicion of *Manhood*. *Manhood* ! says the former, what has he committed Murder ? *Quite contrary*, replied the other ; *he has committed Fornication, and got a Subject, not killed one.*

A late Pope, being descended from a very mean Family, on his Advancement to the Holy See, bestowed great Preferments on his beggarly Relations. Hereupon *Pasquin*, the next Festival, very early in the Morning, was observed to have an exceeding dirty Shirt on, with a Scroll of Paper in his Hand ; wherein was written, *How now, Pasquin ; what so dirty on a Holy-day ?* and under that his Answer, *Alas ! I have no clean Linen ; my Washerwoman is made a Princess.*

A good humour'd Wife, abusing her Husband on his mercenary Disposition, told him, that if she was dead, he would marry the Devil's eldest Daughter, if he could get any Thing by it. That's true, replied the Husband, but the worst of it is, *one can't marry two Sisters.*

A toping Fellow was one Night making his Will over his Bottle ; I will, says he, give Fifty Pounds to five Taverns, to drink to my Memory, when I am dead ; namely, Ten Pounds to the *Salutation* for Courtiers ; Ten Pounds to the *Castle* for Soldiers ; Ten Pounds to the *Mitre* for Parsons ; Ten Pounds to the *Horns* for Citizens, and Ten Pounds to the *Devil* for Lawyers.

A certain Lord had a termagant Wife, and at the same Time a Chaplain, who was a tolerable Poet, whom his Lordship desired to write a Copy of Verses on a Shrew, *I can't imagine*, said the Chaplain, *why your Lordship should want a Copy, who have so good an Original.*

A Man complaining to his Friend, that his Wife's Drunkenness and Ill-conduct had almost ruin'd him, concluded, as the Vulgar usually do; and, for Goodness sake, *what's to be said for it? Nothing, that I know*, says his Friend, *can be said for it, but much against it.*

A handsome young Gentleman, having married an extremely ugly Lady, who was very rich; was asked by his Friends, how he could think of marrying so ordinary a Woman? *Look ye*, said he, *I bought her for Weight, and paid nothing for Fashion.*

A Gentleman having an excellent Servant, and of a very pleasant Humour, took great Delight often to discourse with him. One Day, said the Servant to his Master, what is the Difference betwixt Truth and Reason? In troth, I do not know, says the Master; No, says the Man, what if your Nose was in my Breech, there would be Truth in that; but is there any Reason for it? No, none at all, quoth the Master: Why then you see there is a Difference, said he, but if your Nose were in my Breech, which would you rather have cut off, your Nose or my Breech? Tush, quoth the Master, I had rather a thousand Times that thy Buttocks were cut off. Why, then, in good Earnest, Sir, quoth the Man, you would have a large Pair of Spectacles.

King

King James the Fifth of Scotland, going abroad disguised, in a very mean Habit, as he often did, he chanced upon a Miller's House, where he found nobody in the House but the Miller's Daughter, who was very merry a spinning at her Wheel; he pretended that he was a Gentleman fallen to Distress, and asked her to give him some Victuals; but she spins on, singing merrily to her Wheel, not regarding what he said; at length she asks what Kind of a Gentleman he was; he told her, he was a distressed Gentleman; Sir, said she, I believe you, and so looked in his Face and laughed; he seeming to take this as an Affront, resolved to affront her some way, before they parted; so standing at the Door, leaning upon his Staff, Sweetheart, said he, you and I must not part till we drink ourselves Friends; Ay, Sir, says she, with all my Heart, and I am glad you are not become yet so poor, but you have a Penny to spend with a Friend; I hope, said he, you will pledge me, if I drink to you first; indeed, that I will, says she; then, said he, this to you, and with that let a swinging F—t: The Maid being surprized, looks upon him, and asks him, if that was the Liquor they must drink to one another in? Yes, says he, if you have got no better; well, well, then, replied she, if that will please you, you shall have your Belly full of it, for I have a Barrel unpierced, as good as ever you tasted; and with that, answered him, in his own Dialect, that she made the whole House to ring: Hum, says he, I see the Barrel is newly pierced, it runs so violently; but this to you again, Sweetheart, letting off another. I pledge you again, Sir, says she, answering him as before. He finding himself run aground, with great Difficulty strains out one more; which she answers in the same Stile.

Now,

Now, said he, Sweet-heart, I confess you are pretty free of your Liquor; but it is so windy, that I think we have enough of it. Nay, Sir, says she, since you are in my Father's House, Civility obliges me to drink once to you before you go; so lets off another, louder than any of the former, saying, my Service to you, Sir; I cannot pledge you, Sweet-heart, says he, therefore excuse me for this Time. Nay, Sir, says she, I will not force you; only if you do no more, be so kind as to kiss the Cup. Truly, says he, Sweet-heart, the Liquor casts such a Steam, that I suspect deadly the Cup is not clean; but, however, wash it against this Time To-morrow, then we will talk more of it. Accordingly he came upon the Morrow, with his whole Court; but the poor Wench was so ashamed, that she ran away and hid herself. The King protested he was never so over-reached in his Life, as he was by the Miller's Daughter.

A Nobleman having some of his Friends to Dinner with him, there was one Dish he loved best, that was forgot by the Cook, till the Nobleman himself missed it; so calling for it, found it was quite cold, and had lost its Saviour; he called the Cook, and having threatened him, if he should play the like again, bids him heat it, and be hang'd to him; the Cook, mistaking the Point, went and eat it up every Bit; but being called to know what was become of it, he told him he had eaten it; the Nobleman told him, he would make him pay dear Sauce for it. *My Lord,* says he, *I have nothing to pay for it, but my Dinner, it stands in the Kitchen, so if that please you, you may call for it.*

A Taylor sent his Bill to a Lawyer for Money: The Lawyer bid the Boy tell his Master, that he was not running away, but very busy at that Time. The Boy comes again, and tells him he must needs have the Money. Did'tt tell thy Master, said the Lawyer, that I was not running away. Yes, Sir, answered the Boy, but he bade me tell you *that he was*.

It being proved on a Trial at Guild-hall, that a Man's Name was really *Inch*, who had taken the Name of *Linch*; *I see*, said the Judge, *the old Proverb is verified in this Man, who, being allowed an Inch, has taken an Li*.

The Reverend Mr. B——n coming from Holland with the K—g, a terrible Hurricane arising, the Sloop was in great Danger of being lost: The facetious Mr. B——d, of Albemarle-street, being in the Cabin with him, and very willing to prepare himself for another World, desired him to take Notice, that if they were cast away, the Shirt he had on belonged to Mr. G——, and that he might have it again; then falling on his Knees, attempted to rehearse the *Lord's Prayer*, but with such a Tone as affrighted the Ship's Crew; on which the Captain running down, desired him to pray to himself, and to his great Surprise, found the Doctor stripping himself: *Pray, Doctor*, said he, *what do you design to do?* *Oh*, said he, *let him pray, I design to swim for my Life*.

Two Fellows meeting, one asked the other, Why he looked so sad? I have good Reasons for it, answered the other, poor *Jack* such-a-one, the greatest Crony and best Friend I had in the World, was

was hang'd but two Days ago. What had he done, says the first? Alas! replied the other, he did no more than you or I should have done on the like Occasion; he found a Bridle on the Road, and took it up; What! says the other, hang a Man for taking up a Bridle? that's hard, indeed! *To tell the Truth of the Matter,* says the other, *there was a Horse tied to the other End of it,*

A Norman being to be hanged in the Beginning of Lent at Paris, when he was on the Gallows, the Executioner asked, if he had any Thing to say! Nothing, replied he, but to desire the People to sing with me a *Salve Regina*. Hereupon every one's Hat went off, and all began to sing; which being ended, the Prisoner desired to know if there were any one of his Countrymen present, and having found one, said thus unto him, *You may acquaint my Parents, that though by this Death I bring a Reproach upon their Family; yet the Miracle I have now wrought may be a Comfort to them; for you may acquaint them, that I have made a Parcel of Cuckoos to sing in Winter.* Upon which, the Spectators turned their Salve into a Malediction, and left him to receive the Execution of his Sentence.

A notorious Bawd of Clerkenwell, having left in her Will a handsome Sum of Money to be given to the Rev. Doctor Pead, to preach her Funeral Sermon, but on Condition that he should say nothing but what was *well* of her. Her Executors accordingly waited on the Doctor, and acquainted him with the Conditions of the Will; who being very much surprized at such a Request, desired them to call again, and he would consider of it; soon after, they came again, when he agreed, that on the

the Money's being paid directly, he would preach it the following *Sunday*. The Doctor kept his Word, and taking the Text, *Blessed are they, &c.* made an excellent Sermon on a well-spent Life, and the Reward they would have in the next World, concluding, Dear Friends, said he, as for the Deceased, of whom I am now going to speak, [which caused great Attention from the Congregation] all I shall say of her is, *That she was born at Camberwell, lived great Part of her Time in Bride-well, and died at Clerkenwell, and at last has done well; then let us pray that she may fare well, &c. &c.*

Two Country Attornies, overtaking a Waggoner on the Road, and thinking to crack a Joke on him, asked why his Fore-horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The Waggoner knowing them to be Limbs of the Law, answered, *That his Fore-horse was a Lawyer, and the rest were his Clients.*

A Scholar coming to a Townsman's Wife, enquir'd earnestly for her Husband, telling her, he was surely fallen into the Fire: She looking, and finding no such Matter, demanded what made him think so? *Why, saith he, there is such a Stink of Horns before the Door, that I durst have sworn he had burnt his Head.*

A Country Man, who went weekly to Market with Butter to sell, was at last so well known by all (his Butter being always hairy) that nobody would buy of him; or if they did, he was sure always to fall short of his Neighbours Prices; which he taking very ill, told his Wife, either to make her Butter as her Neighbours did, or she should go to Market with it herself, for he would not go to be

so affronted with it, not he: *Well*, says she, *I'll go see if I can mend that Fault*; so the next Day that she was to make Butter, she makes fast the Door, throws off all her Cloaths, washes herself from Head to Foot, and so falls to work stark naked, lest there should Motes fall from her Cloaths amongst the Butter; so having made it so clean, as she thought there could be no cleaner, she puts it in a large wooden Platter; and to compleat it, we must needs have a little Salt to make it relish; but unhappily she climbed up to the Top of her Cupboard, down she comes with a Vengeance, and lighted directly upon her bare Breech in the midst of the Butter: Her Husband looking all the while through the Key-hole, and seeing her beginning to lick it off with her Fingers, and put it in the Platter, says, *Woe is me, Doll, it will bear but the old Price still*; old Price I says she, and be hang'd to you; it has made my Arse so greasy, that I don't know what to do with myself.

Some Gentlemen boasting of their Gentility, one Person of the Company willing to be a Gentleman with the rest, was at a loss for a Coat of Arms. One of them being a Wag, said, he would find him one, which was this; *Two Posts Rampant, one Couchant, a Rope Pendant, and a Rogue at the End on't*.

One meeting an old Acquaintance, whom the World had a little frown'd upon, asked where he lived? *I don't know*, said he, *where I live, but I starve down towards Wapping*.

King Charles the Second coming from Newmarket through Shoreditch to London, observing a Wall or Bank

Bank, lately made there of *Horns*, as is common in that Road, bid *Rocheſter*, who was in the Coach with him, take Notice of it. *Ay, Sir*, ſaid he, *the Citizens ſeem to have been laying their Heads together to mend the Way againſt your Maſteſty came by.*

A young Curate, with more Pertneſs than Wit, or Learning, being asked in Company, How he came to take it into his Head to enter into the Miniſtry of the Church? Be cauſe, ſaid he, the Lord had need of me. *That may be*, replied a Gentleman preſent, *for I have often read that the Lord had once need of an Aſs.*

Pride the Brewer, meeting *Hewſon* the Cobler, ſays *Pride* to *Hewſon*, there's ſome Cobler's Wax ſticks upon your Cloak; *Poh*, ſays he, that's nothing, a handful of Brewer's Grains will fetch it off.

A Man who had the Character of a great Penitent, uſed to divert himſelf, now and then, by beating his Wife. One of his Neighbours, being offended at this Act of Cruelty, asked him, how he could reconcile this Sort of Behaviour with that Repentance which he ſo much profeſs'd. To which the good Man made Answer, You muſt know, Neighbour, I have a very bad Memory, and therefore take this Method to rub it up; for, whenever I beat her, ſhe is ſure to reproach me with all the Ill I ever did in my Life.

A certain Nobleman having a merry Countryman at his Houſe, after Dinner he asked him to ſmoke a Pipe of Tobacco with him? *Not I*, ſays he,
I he,

he, *an't please your Lordship, for I don't care for it?* Why so? says the Nobleman's Lady, (being present.) *Truly, Madam, says he, because I think them that drink Smoke, bite Wind; What think you, Madam?* Which put the Lady so out of Countenance, that she withdrew and left the Company.

As the King of *France* was passing over the *Pont-neuf* at *Paris*, on a Winter's Day, he saw a *Gascoon* very thinly clad, looking into the Water; and, riding up to him, asked him, if he was not cold? Upon which the *Gascoon* answered, *No, an't please your Majesty; and if you'd do as I do, you would not be cold neither. How is that, says the King? Why, wear all your Cloaths at once,* replied the *Gascoon*.

A Gentleman being sent for to the Sign of the *Horns* in *Cateaton-street*, and coming accordingly, but not knowing the House, asked of a young Man that stood at the Door, *Pray where is the Sign of the Horns?* (The Gentleman at the same Time stood under the Sign) upon which the Lad replied, Sir, you cannot well see them, but they are exactly over your Head.

The *Bakers* at *London* applied to a Magistrate to raise the Price of Bread in their Favour, and begging him to consider their Case, took their Leave, after dropping slyly, in his Room, a Purse with a considerable Sum of Gold in it. Soon after, when they returned for an Answer, he told them, I have weighed your Reasons in the Scale of Justice, and find them wanting: Your Money, however, I have sent, in your Name, to the Prisons and Hospitals, there to be distributed; and since I find you are in

a Condition of sparing such large Alms, it is plain you must get enough by your Trade, not to need my Compliance with your Request.

A certain Lady of Quality sending her *Irish* Footman to fetch home a Pair of new Stays, strictly charged him to take Coach if it rained, for fear of wetting them. But a great Shower of Rain falling, the Fellow returned with the Stays dropping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered, he said, he had obeyed his Orders. How then, answered the Lady, could the Stays be wet, if you took them into the Coach with you? No, replied honest Teague, *I knew my Place better, I did not go into the Coach, but rode behind, as I always used to do.*

A humorous Countryman having bought a Barn, in Partnership with a Neighbour of his, neglected to make the least Use of it, whilst the other had plentifully stored his Part with Corn and Hay. In a little Time the latter came to him, and conscientiously expostulated with him about laying out his Money so fruitlessly. Pray, Neighbour, says he, *ne'er trouble your Head, you may do what you will with your Part of the Barn, but I will set mine on Fire.*

An honest *Welsh* Carpenter coming out of *Cardiganshire*, got Work in *Bristol*, where, in a few Months, he had saved, besides his Expences, about *Twelve Shillings*; and, with this prodigious Sum of Money, returning into his own Country, when he came upon *Mile-Hill*, he look'd back on the Town: Ah, poor *Priftow*, said he, *if one or two more of hur*
 I 2 Country-

Countrymen were to give her such another Shake as her has done, it would be poor Pristow indeed.

A Gentleman having received some Abuse, in passing through one of the *Inns of Chancery*, from some of the impudent Clerks, he was advised to complain to the *Principal*, which he accordingly did, and coming before him, accosted him in the following Manner; *I have been grossly abused here by some of the Rascals of this House, and understanding you are the Principal, I am come to acquaint you with it.*

A Gentleman riding into an Inn-yard, called for the Hostler to set up his Horse; when he had so done, he calls for the Chamberlain to shew him a Room, and the same Person comes and shews him a Room; by and by he calls for the Tapster to bring him up a Tankard of Beer; up comes the same Person; and soon after he calls for the Drawer to bring up a Pint of Wine; up comes the same Person; in a little time after, the Gentleman had a mind to see his Landlord, and drink a Glass with him; so calling for his Landlord, up comes the same Person; at which the Gentleman smile'd, and said, are you my Landlord? Yes, Sir; why then Landlord, here's to you; I thank you, Sir; but Landlord, by the way, says the Gentleman, what, is it possible that you are the Landlord, Drawer, Tapster, Chamberlain and Hostler? Yes, Sir, says he; and there is nothing done in this House, but I have a Hand in it: That's almost impossible, and very strange: Sir, 'tis no stranger than true: Well, I cannot have the Faith to believe it, and so dismisses him. Says the Gentleman to himself, when he was gone, I'll try how true this is presently; and

and it being about Bed-time, he undresses himself, and gets on the Table and sh—ts, and blows the Candle out, throws the Candle and Candlestick on the Floor, calls up in haste for his Landlord, and tells him he was very ill, and desired him to light a Candle for him, for he could not sleep till he had taken a Pipe; where is the Candle, said the Landlord? you'll find it on the Table, says the Gentleman; so, groping in the Dark, he run his Hand into the Middle of what the Gentleman dropt there from his Posteriors: Dear Sir, what have you been doing here? Nothing; but you know I told you, before hand, I had not the Faith to believe it, but now I see by Experience it is very true, *That there can't be any thing done in this House but you will have a Hand in it.*

A Thief being brought to Tyburn to be executed, the Ordinary of Newgate, in taking his last Confession, asked him if he was not sorry for having committed the Robbery for which he was going to suffer? The Criminal answered, *Yes, but that he was more sorry for not having stole enough to bribe the Jury.*

An antient Gentleman being to swear in a Cause before a Judge, the Judge gave him a Caution to have a Care what he swore to, and see it was nothing but the Truth; for if he forswore himself, he told him he must expect to go to the Devil. Truly, my Lord, said he, I hope the Devil will have nothing to do with me; for I have given him my eldest Son already, and I hope he'll be contented; for I think one out of a Family is very fair. Then the Judge bid him explain himself more clearly: *Why truly, my Lord, saith he, I have*

made my Son a Lawyer, and I believe all that Profession go to the Devil, or he comes for them: For of the Devil himself you know it is said, that he has been a Lawyer from the Beginning. A Lyar, you mean, says the Judge, Why, saith he, a Lyar and a Lawyer is all one, I hope, or else we are all mistaken in our Opinion.

A Scotch Pedlar, being very much distressed for a Lodging, came at last to a Hut, where, with some Difficulty, he prevailed on the Host to put him to Bed to a Couple of Countrymen, that were just got in before: They were fast asleep, and Sawney thrust in between them, in Hopes of warming himself; his Bedfellows being jolly Fellows, the Bed none of the largest, and the Night very cold, they endeavoured to keep as much in the middle of it as possible, which made them squeeze the poor Scot extremely, who was very uneasy in his Post; and wanting to do what nobody could do for him, and being unwilling to get up, lest they should refuse his Entrance again, ply'd his Water-Engine on him that was in the Front; at which the Fellow awakened, and asked the Pedlar what he was about. *Hush*, says Sawney, *you are well off, for I am doing t'other Thing upon t'other.*

A Ploughman seeing the Archbishop of *Cologne* riding by, attended by a great many Soldiers, laugh'd; the Archbishop pressed him to know the Reason: It is because I wonder, said the Ploughman, to see an Archbishop armed and followed, not by Churchmen, but by Soldiers, like a General of an Army. Friend, replied the Archbishop, in my Church I perform the Part of an Archbishop with my Clergy: But in the Field I march like a Duke, accompanied

companied by my Soldiers. *I understand you, my Lord,* answered the Peasant; *but pray tell me, when my Lord Duke goes to the Devil, what will then become of my Lord Archbishop?*

A young Maiden coming from *Cambridge* to *London* to seek for Service, along with old *Hobson* the Carrier, being upon the Road, he, among other Questions, asked her her Name? she made answer it was *Joan*: O Dear, *Joan* says he, you'll never get a Place in *London* with such a coarse Name: Why then, what shall my Name be, Mr. *Hobson*? Your Name, says he, shall be *Precilla*, that's a fine Name; why then, says she, *Precilla* let it be: So when arrived at *London*, she got a Place, by the Help of some of her Friends. She had not lived there long, before the Bishop came to confirm the young Persons in the Parish; so she goes among the rest to be confirm'd by the Bishop; when it came to her to be examined, the Bishop asked her her Name? *Precilla*, Sir, said she; Who gave you that Name? Mr. *Hobson*, the Carrier, as I came from *Cambridge*, when I came first to *London*.

A Woman asking her Husband some Questions, amongst the rest asked him, how many Women he had kissed since he had been her Husband? Why, truly Wife, to be plain with you, if we had as many Penny-Loaves as I have kissed Women since you have been my Wife, we should have as much Bread as would last us these seven Years. Very well, says his Wife. But now, Wife, says he, since I have been so ingenuous to tell you, pray be so kind as to tell me how many Men have kissed you since I have been your Husband? Why, Husband, in short then, if we had as many Cheeses as Men have kissed me,

me, since I have been your Wife, we should have two Cheeses to one Loaf.

An *English* Man and his Wife (who was with Child) lodged at a *French* Man's House, where they could not understand one another. It happened one Night the *English* Man's Wife cried out, and wanted a Midwife, and he came down in his Shirt, to his Landlord's Chamber, to tell them of it: Says the Woman to her Husband, Let the *English* Man come to Bed, you being in Bed with me need fear nothing; so he granted it, and he lay down on the other Side of the Woman; and when the *French* Man was fast asleep, they got to it, and the jogging of the Bed waked her Husband. *What a plague are you doing? If you should speak to him, it would be to no End, for he does not understand a Word of our Language.*

King *James*, with some of his Nobles, riding a Hunting, lost their way in a Forest, where, being very hungry, they came to a House by the Forest Side: The King asked the Woman what Victuals she had? the good Wife told him, good Beef and Pudding. Bring it hither, says the King; so she set it before the King and his Nobles, and they eat very heartily, and paid the Woman for it, and so rid away. By the Road-side, some Distance from the House, a ragged Boy presents himself, scraping with his Leg, bare-headed, which was scald, and thick Scabs upon it. Sirrah, says one of the Lords, cover your Head; have you never a Cap? Where do you live? *In yonder little House*, says the Boy, pointing to the House where the King and his Nobles had just dined; *I had a Cap on Yesterday, but Mother To-day made a Pudding-bag of it.* Quoth the

the King, it did me no Harm in the eating it, it shall do me as little in thinking of it; come put on, and let us jog it down: But it stirr'd the Stomachs of some of his Train.

A young Fellow in the Country, after having an Affair with a Girl in the Neighbourhood, cried, What shall we do, *Bess*, if you prove with Child? O! very well, said she, for I'm to be married To-morrow.

A great deal of Company, being at Dinner, at a Gentleman's House, where a Silver Spoon was laid at the Side of every Plate, one of the Company, watching for a convenient Opportunity, as he thought, slid one of them into his Pocket; but being observed more narrowly than he was aware of, the Gentleman who sat opposite to him, took up another, and stuck it in the Button-hole of his Bosom; which the Master of the House perceiving, asked him, in good Humour, What was his Fancy in that? *Why*, said he, *I thought every Man was to have one, because I saw that Gentleman, over-against me, put one in his Pocket.*

A Company of Gamesters falling out at a Tavern, gave one another very scurvy Language: At length those dreadful Messengers of Anger, the Bottles and Glasses flew about like Hail Shot; one of which mistaking its Errand, and hitting the Wainscot, instead of the Person's Head it was thrown at, brought the Drawer rushing in; who cried, D'ye call, Gentlemen? *Call, Gentlemen*, says one of the Standers by, *no they don't call, Gentlemen, but they call one another Rogue and Rascal as fast as they can.*

A young Gentleman having got his Neighbour's Maid with Child, the Master, a grave Man, came to expostulate with him about it. Lord, Sir, said he, I wonder how you could do so? *Prithee, where is the Wonder?* said the other, *if she had got me with Child, you might have wondered indeed.*

A Taylor carrying in a Bill to an Apothecary, that was his Customer, the Apothecary was just going to eat a Mess of Broth for his Breakfast, as the Taylor came in: So the Apothecary told him he had no Money at present for him, but if he would eat a Mess of Broth with him, he should be welcome; for which the Taylor thank'd him: So he calls the Maid to bring the Taylor a Mess. He eats them and home he goes, and gets into his cutting Room, and began to handle his Sheers; but he had not been there past an Hour and a half, but he had more occasion to use his Bodkin than his Sheers: So he calls up his Wife; and as the Pottage began to Work with him, he fell to work with her, and having pleased her very well, as well as himself, with a Kiss sent her down about her Business, till further Orders: In half an Hour's Time he calls her again, and so the third and fourth Time; at last she asked him, how he came to be so vigorous and gamefome, because he did not use to be so; with that he up and told her, he asked the Apothecary for Money, but he told me he had no Money, but he would give me a Mess of Pottage, which has wrought these wonderful Effects upon me. *Oh, good Husband,* said she, *it may be the Apothecary wants Money. I prithee, my Cock, if thou lovest thine own dear Wife, take all thy Money out in Broth, for it is of a wonderful Operation.*

A Gentleman going into a Meeting-house, and stumbling over one of the Forms that were set there, cried out in a Passion *Who the Devil expected Set Forms in a Meeting-house?*

An ignorant Country Fellow, who held his Farm by a conditional Lease, which he had broken, was told by his Landlord (who had an Eye upon a better Tenant) that he must provide for himself, for his Lease was forfeited. Do you hear, *Joan*, says he to his Wife, Landlord says we must be gone, the Lease is forfeit; but I'll go to Council and ask. Away he goes; the Council tells him it was true. Ay, says the Fellow, what must I do then? *Why, your best way* (replied the Council) *is to chuse two Arbitrators and an Umpire, that they may bring it to a Conclusion.* Home he goes; Well, what News, cries *Joan*? News, quoth he, I've a Trick for my Landlord a-faith: But what of the Lease, says *Joan*? *The Lease, why the Lease is forfeit; but I must chuse two Fornicators and a Trumpeter.* Well, and what then, cries *Joan*? *What then, you Fool; why then, they'll bring the Matter to a Confusion.*

A Mountebank, being on his Stage at *Chelmsford*, in *Essex*, in order to promote the Sale of his Medicines, told the Country People that he came there for the good of the Public, and not for want. Then, speaking to his Merry Andrew; Andrew, says he, do we come here for *Want*? No, Faith, Sir, says Andrew, *we have enough of that at Home.* Besides, continued he, my Master has a very great Estate;— *but that's neither here nor there.*

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An *Irish* Beggar, who was begging near *St. Dunstan's Church*, was asked by an *Irish* Gentleman, how he came to leave *Ireland* and come to *England* to beg?—Arrah, by my Shoul, Sir, says he, *I kilt a Man.—And was not you hang'd for it*, says the Gentleman? No, Sir, replied the Beggar, *the Man that I kilt, is not dead yet.*

An *Irish* Beggar went to a House to entreat Charity, but the Master told him he had nothing to give.—Pray good Sir, continued the *Irishman*, be so kind as to give me a Pair of old Shoes, for by *Shaint Patrick*, *I have never a Foot to my Shoe.*

A Serjeant, in stooping to kneel before the King, to entreat his Majesty to sign a Bill, had the Misfortune to let a rousing Fart.—Hold, Serjeant, says the King, you have no Power to release the Prisoner, it is against the Law. An't please your Majesty, says the Serjeant, he was a troublesome Fellow, and crept through the Key-hole, and Necessity has no Law.

A Gentleman told *Jack Smart* that his Jest's were like *Doctor Mead's Pictures*: Why so, says *Jack*? Because, answered the Gentleman, *they are a very curious Collection.*

*Here, Sirs, my Jest's and Stories end,
Which all the rest in Wit transcend;
My pregnant Brains shall now give Birth,
To various other Scenes of Mirth.*



A COLLECTION of new and Entertaining

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY are *JackSmari's* Jests like a Lady shewing her naked Backside out of a Window?

Because they make us laugh.

Why are *Chinesse* Buildings like a Tea-table Conversation?

Because there is a great deal of railing in it.

Why is a Church-yard like a Scrag of Mutton?

Because it is very bony.

Why is a General like a Hat?

Because he is at the Head of the Army.

Why is the King of *France* like a Close-stool?

Because those that wait on him are all bare.

Why is a Mail like a Book?

Because it is full of Letters.

Why is a List of our best *English* Writers like a Miser's Chest?

Because there's a Lock in it.

Why is a Book like an Emperor?

Because it has Pages belonging to it.

Why is the last Day of *February* like an Army going towards the Enemy?

Because it is going to March.

Why is a Rope like a Pistol?

Because it often brings Men to their End.

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Why is *Fleet-street* like Hell?

Because there's the Devil in it.

Why is a *Peruke* like a Hog?

Because it has a Caul.

Why is a poor Man like a *Sempstress*?

Because he makes Shifts.

Why is a red-hair'd Lady like a Band of Soldiers?

Because she bears Fire-locks.

Why is an unbound Book like a Lady in Bed?

Because it is in Sheets.

Why is a Man in a Ship like a Kitchen Dresser?

Because he is a Board.

Why is a Taylor like a Sink?

Because he is a Common-Sewer.

Why are most Pieces of Villainy like a Candle?

Because they are brought to Light.

Why are Illuminations like the Lungs?

Because they are Lights.

Why is a Book like a Tree?

Because 'tis full of Leaves.

Why is a Lady in her Shift like the *Hague*?

Because she's in Holland.

Why is a well-bred Horse like an old Man?

Because he is Man-aged.

Why is a Boy that has been whipt like *George's Coffee-House*?

Because it is full of Smarts.

Why is an old Woman, gallanted by a young Man, like a laced Handkerchief?

Because she is so-laced.

Why is a Man on Horse-back like a Fan?

Because he is Mounted.

Why is a Man's losing his Life for Murder, like a Pond newly frozen?

Because it is but Just-ice.

Why is a little Girl in Arms like a Woman that comes before her Time?

Because she is Miss-carried.

What old Saying is that which Women will not believe?

Short and Sweet.

Why is a Difficulty overcome like a Knight on Horse-back?

Because it is Sir-mounted.

Why is a Looking-Glass like a Philosopher?

Because it reflects.

Why is a Woman like a Mathematician?

Because she endeavours to find out the Longitude.

What is a Man like that is in the midst of a great River, and can't swim?

Like to be drowned.

Why is a skittish young Horse like a coy Girl?

Because he is loath to be mounted.

Why is a Brewer's Horse like a Tapster?

Because he draws Drink.

Why is a Hackney Horse like Scarlet?

Because he is Hi-red.

Why is *Richmond* like the Letter R?

Because 'tis beyond Kew.

Why is a drawn Tooth like a Thing forgot?

Because 'tis out of the Head.

What is a Man like, in the midst of a Desert without Meat or Drink?

Like to be starv'd.

Why is the seeing of a Sign a manifest Token of Sight?

Because it is a Sign you see.

Why is a Man that runs in Debt like a Watch?

Because he goes a Tick.

Why are an Army of Soldiers drawn up in Battle Array like a Woman's Bosom?

Because they are a-breast,

Why is a Man drunk like one swimming?

Because he's in Liquor.

Why is thy Nose like the Letter H?

Because there's an I (Eye) at the Side of it.

Why is —, the Italian Singer, like an House built with Wood?

Because he has no Stones.

Why is the same Person like a labouring Beast?

Because he is a Gelding.

What Part of the Alphabet does a Girl repeat when she loses her Maidenhead?

The Letter O.

Why is a complaisant Man like a Modest Girl?

Because he don't chuse to be covered.

Why is a Bottle full of Brandy like a haunted House?

Because it is full of Spirits.

Why is strong Beer like a Coffin in a Church-yard?

Because it has got a Body.

Why is sour Beer like your Great Grand-father?

Because it is dead.

Why is some Liquor like parental Tenderness?

Because it is Motherly.

Why is Tyburn like Marriage?

Because it brings most Men to Repentance.

Why is a Watch like a Cart?

Because it goes upon Wheels.

Why are some People's Feet like a Field?

Because Corns grow upon them.

Why is a scolding Wife like the Devil?

Because she TORMENTS.

Why

Why is a Cock like a sensible Man?

Because he treads sure.

Why are Twenty-four like One?

Because Twenty-four Half-pence is the same as a Shilling.

Why is Wednesday like Sunday?

Because it comes but once a Week.

Why are Virgins Smocks like the Thames?

Because there are Maids in them.

Why is Flour like a Piece of Land?

Because it is Ground.

Why is a Man's Eye-brow like Chancery-lane?

Because they are near the Temples.

Why is the Letter T, in the Word Citizen, like a Man's Nose?

Because it is between two Eyes (I's).

Why is the Court of Exchequer like a Stocking?

Because there is a Leg in it.

Why is the said Court like a Forge?

Because there's a Smith in it.

Why is a Shoe like a Philosopher?

Because it under-stands.

Why is a Distiller's Shop like Italy?

Because it contains Geneva.

Why is a News-Paper like a Maid?

Because when old its despised.

Why is Drury-lane Play-house like a Bush in Autumn?

Because there's a Berry in it.

Why is a Hat like a King.

Because its over all his Subjects.

Why is Ludgate-hill like the Ocean?

Because there's a Rock on't.

Why is a Prize-Fighter like some Books?

Because he is full of Cuts.

Why is an Account-Book like a Statuary's Shop?

Because it is full of Figures.

Why is Hypocrisy to a discerning Man like a Window?

Because he can see through it.

Why are the Stars in a Cloudy Night like thy Forehead?

Because they are above the Sight.

Why is a Shoe like the third Part of a Yard?

Because it contains a Foot.

Why is a Stocking like the Play-house?

Because there's a Foot in it.

Why is a Whore like an Epigram?

Because there's a Sting in her Tail.

Why is a Mad-man like a Burning Candle?

Because he is light-headed.

Why is a bad Pen like a torn Coat?

Because it wants mending.

Why is a good Comedian like a great Whoremaster?

Because he is often clapt.

Why is a broken Comb like an old Woman?

Because the Teeth are bad.

Why is a Bullock like an Assembly Room?

Because there's Lights in him.

Why are Men's Breeches like a Fishmonger's Shop?

Because there are Cods in them.

Why is a Man's Stocking like a pregnant Cow?

Because there's a Calf in it.

Why is a Red-herring like a generous Man?

Because it will make us drink.

Why is a naughty Boy like a dusty Coat?

Because he wants beating.

Why is a Bear that has broke his Chain like a common Whore?

Because he is loose.



A Curious COLLECTION of *new*
REBUSSES.

1. **W**HERE Barley grows, her Name is seen,
And where the Oxen feed,
That is a Girl of graceful Mien,
And just in Word and Deed.
2. **W**HAT am'rous Doves say when they woo,
And the half of a Thing that is * right,
The Name of a beautiful Damsel will shew,
Whose Eyes are most killing and bright.
3. **A**N Animal's Name, that in Parks doth reside,
Or a Name by which Cuckolds are known,
And a fine Piece of Ground, it will name you a
Bride,
Whom I could have wish'd for my own.
4. **W**HAT we say of a Thing that ne'er happen'd
before,
And the Name of what Elder produces,
Will name you a Girl I extremely adore,
Whose Presence to Pleasure conduces.
5. **T**HE Reverse of what's *short*, and a Woman's
Delight,
Will name you a Lass I could wish in my Sight.
6. The

6. **T**HE Head of a Man that is old,
And what some People do when they game;
Who wishes to know may be told,
A sensible pretty Girl's Name.

7. **H**ALF a Kingdom that is with *Great-Britain*
combin'd,
Will name you a Lass that is handsome and kind.

8. **A** Letter that's mute in the Language of *France*,
And a nasty Distemper that makes a Man
Dance;
Will name you a Lass that I love from my Soul,
More than Miserstheir Wealth, or than Drunkards
a Bowl.

9. **A** Nasty black Bird,
Not fit to be heard,
And the half of a dangerous Dust,
Will name you a Belle
Whom I love very well;
And really, Sir, have her I must.

10. **O**UR Father, and what, to some Fishes belong,
Will name you a Place in which Booksellers
throng.

11. **W**HAT we say when a Bottle no more will
contain,
And add what it is to do wrong;
And thus you'll the Name of my Charmer explain,
To whom all the Graces belong.

12. **W**HAT is vulgarly *Dick*,
And a Child that's a Male,

Will.

Will name you a Chick,
That has Charms to prevail.

13. **T**AKE twenty hundred Weight,
And to it add a Boy ;
It will the Name relate
Of one that ne'er can cloy.

14. **I**N Hospitals and Prisons too,
My Lover's Name you all may view ;
And every Lock from East to West,
Can plainly tell whom I love best.

15. **T**HREE fourths of a Deer,
And a Score hundred Weight ;
Her Name will appear,
Who is handsome and straight.

16. **W**HAT Mason's carry Mortar in,
And what Majestic Names begin,
Then add the plural of a Speech,
And that my Charmer's Name will teach.

17. **T**HE Name of ev'ry Tree you view,
And what a Garden closes,
When added, *Polly's* Name will shew,
Whose Breath's more sweet than Roses.

18. **A** Female Fowl you often view,
Then take one half of Wonder ;
And then a Child will plainly shew,
A Lass that I could plunder.

19. **W**HAT's said when Monarch's disagree,
And add to that one third of the,
Then

Then you, with utmost Ease can tell,
The Girl I love most wondrous well.

20. **W**HAT is oftentimes said of a pertinent
Speech,
And a Question that's greatly in Use,
When added together, the Reader will teach,
To whom the just Gods are profuse.



A Beautiful COLLECTION of
New RIDDLES.

1. **F**OR my Learning, it will a mere Paradox show:
I understand great Things, yet nothing I
know;
And tho' mean in myself, am familiar at Court,
And at Balls have the principal Share in the Sport.
2. **K**ING *William* had it behind,
Queen *Mary* had it before;
I always have it in my Mind,
And so has many more.
3. **P**Repar'd I wait th' Assaults of prosperous Gales,
Spreading abroad my lofty sweeping Sails;
Then o'er the Seas my liquid Course I steer,
Loaded with Treasures that I bring from far.
The Winds o'er burden'd, seem to strive and groan,
Scarce can their utmost Fury drive me on:
But neighbouring Clouds with Joy receive my Spoil,
And *Egypt*-like adore their fruitful *Nile*.

My

My Loss becomes a Blessing great to all,
And mighty Nations flourish by my Fall.

4. **I** AM no Bird, nor have I Wings to fly,

Yet was I born free *Den'zon* of the Sky,
But still within the Ken of ev'ry Eye:
Am fed like the *Camelion*, by the Air,
And have my Living thence, as well as there;
But yet so short a Dwarf I never knew,
That might not reach me with his Finger too.
Like *Joseph's* Coat a spotted Skin I wear,
And like the *Snake* I change it every Year:
Nay, like that too, unless you gently pass,
You feel me lurking underneath the Grass,
For that's in Summer Time my hiding Place.
I climb'd no Ark with *Noah* to provide
Against the Danger of incroaching Tide,
(Tho' oft in vain, perhaps I wish'd I cou'd)
Yet with the Fish I over-liv'd the Flood.
Soon after mighty *Nimrod* by my Aid,
The Slime of his confounded Project laid;
A wretched Task! and for the high Offence
Myself has been a *Babel* ever since.
Wonder not then to hear me ask my Name,
I'm like so many Things, 'tis dubious what I am.

5. **M**Y Age is not a Moment's Stay;

My Birth the same with my Decay;
I favour ill; no Colour know;
And fade, that instant that I blow.

6. **M**UCH like a Snake my slender Body moves,
And winding still, on diff'rent Bodies roves
To Places high I climb, and make my Way,
And skip from Right to Left, yet never Stray.

In

In narrow Bounds I hold half human Kind,
 Imprison Queens, yet ne'er was thought unkind.
 In Holes I sneak when *Phæbus* spreads his Light,
 And leave 'em when his Absence brings the Night.

7. **T**WIN-born into the World I come,
 Tho' not apparent from the Womb;

I sometimes am produc'd in Pairs,
 Which Male, as well as Female, bears.

I first of all defend my Parents,
 From noisy Mob, and their Adherents:

But when I boldly fight and wound,
 I'm destitute of Voice and Sound.

Oft, as my Parents I survive,
 I wond'rous Use from them derive:

I then am plainly heard from far,
 Loud as an Instrument of War.

Oft I am plac'd in public Station,
 Of general Negotiation:

With me all Matters circulate,
 In City, Country, Church, and State.

I in my Travels bear great Sway,
 Scarce any dare obstruct my Way;

To my Persuasions Numbers yield,
 And at the Summons take the Field:

When, chear'd by me, they best sustain
 The Toil and Danger of the Plain.

8. **M**ORE frail than Looking-Glass, but not so
 true,

All present Things I represent to View.

In Colours various, still in Shape the same,
 Bloated awhile I ape the heav'nly Frame.

But when to full Perfection I am brought,
 Away I fly and vanish swift as Thought.

Proud

Proud Mortals! whom the fawning Crowds adore,
I'm next to nothing, and you are no more.

9. **O**F a gigantic Form I'm made,
Four Arms I have, but have no head;
A Mouth I have that's very wide,
A Belly large I have beside;
A Stomach great I mostly have,
Tho' mostly feeding yet I crave;
As much I every Day devour,
As forty Men wou'd keep or more:
Yet I sometimes do surfeit take,
And nothing eat perhaps a Week;
And tho' I often go and move,
And Night and Day about do rove,
Yet I am dead and nothing know,
Nor from my first Place ever go.

10. **O**NE Father had twelve Sons, these each a
Race
Of thirty Daughters with a double Face;
Their Looks are black and white successively;
They all immortal are, and yet all die.

11. **I** Watch all Things near me, and far off to
boot,
Without stretching a Finger, or stirring a Foot;
I take 'em all in too (to add to your Wonder)
Tho' many and various, and large, and asunder,
Without jostling or crowding, they pass Side by
Side
Thro' a wonderful Wicket not half an Inch wide.

12. **E**YES I have, and yet I've none;
Joints I have, yet have no Bone;

I have a Face, but not a Feature,
 And yet resemble every Creature;
 I'm very tall, and yet am low;
 I'm very quick, and yet am slow;
 I'm, in short, just what you please,
 Yet am not any one of these.
 He who guesses what I am,
 Needs be no very cunning Man.

13. I'M thick, I'm thin, I'm short and long,
 And lov'd alike by old and young:
 I make Diseases, and I heal,
 And know what I shall ne'er reveal.
 The fairest Virgin, fraught with Pride,
 No Beauty from my View can hide.
 I rack the Miser, cure the Sot;
 And make, and oft' detect a Plot;
 No Lover that would happy be,
 Desires his Mistress more than me:
 Yet tho' a thousand Charms I have,
 Next Step from me is to the Grave.

14. I'M neither *rich*, ingenious, or fair,
 My Colour's coarser than the Negroes are;
 I'm dull and sordid clad in base Attire,
 Which oft' is cover'd o'er with Dust and Mire.
 Th' Extremes of various Fortune oft' I try,
 Sometimes cast down, sometimes exalted high,
 Yet not my squalid Form or abject State
 The Ardours of my Lovers can abate;
 For still the more I their Approach elude,
 With greater Fury I am then pursu'd;
 But when obtain'd, so much Contempt I meet,
 The Lover kicks and spurns me with his Feet.

15. **I**'M never very large in Size,
 And yet with Wonders I surprize :
 For who wou'd think that I could keep
 My Master's House when he's-asleep.
 I introduce my Friend, and when
 He please, he may return again :
 Can shew him all my Master's Store,
 O'er all his Treasure I've a Power.
 Now tell me what my Name may be ?
 I keep my Master's Stock, and he keeps me.

16. **I** Don't intrude upon you, Ladies,
 For ye can all tell what my Trade is ;
 I'm now so fashionable grown,
 I'm purchas'd both by Beau and Clown,
 And all confess I'm worth a *Crown* ;
 The Church and Play-house I attend ;
 And at the Fun'ral of my Friend ;
 There, with strict Decency, I'm drest
 In mournful Sable with the rest :
 In various Forms I'm sent Abroad,
 And do by chance upon the Road,
 Meet near Relations *a-la-mode*.
 I'm often hov'ring o'er a Crowd,
 Proclaiming of their Shouts aloud ;
 I Gold or Silver sometimes wear,
 And with a Ribbon oft appear.

17. **A** Garden or a fruitful Field
 To me no Nourishment can yield :
 Yet, give me but a proper Soil,
 I thrive with little Care or Toil.
 A moist and dirty Soil is good ;
 For Excrement's my proper Food.
 But what you'll say is pretty strange,
 Oft, while I grow, my Place I change,

And in all Seasons and all Weathers,
My Body, Strength and Vigour gathers;
'Till when my Size and Shape's compleat,
For Use and Service I am mete.

I help sometimes to dress my Master;
And sometimes mix and make up Plaister.
Saddles nor Shoes without my Aid
Could neither be well kept or made.

I now and then a fishing go,
Or to a Hair an Object show.

At other Times I kill a Dog,
Or down your Throat I slip incog.

In short I furnish Hats and Rings,

And twenty other diff'rent Things.

To find my Name you need not strain,

For in these Lines you read it plain.

18. **T**HE Sun shines clear, serene the golden Sky,
Where'er you go, or run, as fast run I;
With your bright Day, my Progress too does end,
See here, vain Man, the Picture of thy Friend.

19. **S**INCE from your Favours I receive my Birth,
Not from the genial Womb of Mother Earth;
From this Description let my Name be known,
Nor do a Creature, you have made, disown.

When the first Man on his new Consort gaz'd,
And at her pleasing Newness stood amaz'd;
The wanton Charmer turn'd her Thoughts on me,
And let the Serpent tempt her at the Tree;
All Sorts of Characters and Robes I wear,
And in the Senate House do oft appear;
Sometimes I'm cloathed in a scarlet Gown,
And have been honour'd with a royal Crown;
Prelates and Priests, and I, are oft the same,
And Judges condescend to take my Name;

But

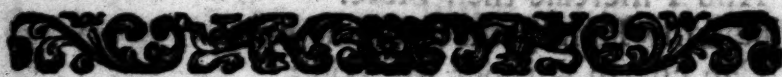
But what is wond'rous hard, and yet my Fate,
The World despise me, and myself I hate.

20. **T**O you, fair Maidens, I address;
Sent to adorn your Life:
And she who first my Name can guess,
Shall first be made a Wife.
From the dark Womb of Mother Earth,
To Mortals Aid I come,
But e'er I can receive my Birth,
I many Shapes assume.
Passive my Nature, yet I'm made
As active as the Roe;
And oftentimes, with equal Speed,
Thro' flow'ry Lawns I go.
When wicked Men their Wealth consume,
And leave their Children poor,
To me their Daughters often come,
And I increase their Store.
The Lilly Hand, the brilliant Eye,
Can charm without my Aid;
Beauty may prompt the Lover's Sighs,
And celebrate the Maid:
But let th' enchanting Nymph be told,
Unless I grace her Life,
She must have wond'rous Store of Gold,
Or make a wretched Wife.
Altho' I never hope to rest,
With Christians I go forth,
And while they worship tow'ards the East,
I prostrate to the North.
If you suspect Hypocrisy,
Or think me insincere,
Produce the Zealot, who like me,
Can tremble and adhere.



SOLUTION *of the* REBUSES.

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. M ISS Field. | 11. Miss Fuller. |
| 2. M iss Cooper. | 12. Miss Richardson. |
| 3. Miss Buckland. | 13. Miss Tonson. |
| 4. Miss Newbery. | 14. Miss Ward, |
| 5. Miss Longman. | 15. Miss Hinton. |
| 6. Miss Baldwin. | 16. Miss Hodges. |
| 7. Miss Scott. | 17. Miss Woodgate. |
| 8. Miss Hitch. | 18. Miss Henderson. |
| 9. Miss Crowder. | 19. Miss Ware. |
| 10. Pater-noster-row. | 20. Miss Paty. |



EXPLANATION *of the* RIDDLES.

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. A Shoe. | 11. An Eye. |
| 2. A The Letter M. | 12. A Looking-Glass. |
| 3. Rain. | 13. A Bed. |
| 4. The Earth. | 14. A Football. |
| 5. A Fart. | 15. A Key. |
| 6. A Lace. | 16. A Hat. |
| 7. A Horn. | 17. Hair. |
| 8. A Bubble. | 18. A Shadow. |
| 9. A Windmill. | 19. A Cuckold. |
| 10. The Year. | 20. A Needle. |



A Curious COLLECTION of
EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, TALES,
FABLES, ACROSTICKS, PASTORALS,
EPISTLES, SONGS, &c.

EPIGRAM.

SAYS a *Beau* to a Lady, pray name if you can,
Of all your Acquaintance the handsomest Man?
The Lady reply'd, if you'd have me speak true,
He's the handsomest Man, that's the most unlike you.

EPIGRAM.

A Fellow that ly'd with an insolent Grace,
Declar'd *he could lye with a very good Face.*
That's a Popper, my Dear, cries his loving dear
Wife,
I ne'er saw an uglier Face in my Life.

EPIGRAM.

MAURUS kills more than half the College can,
And yet he passes for an honest Man.
Not Law or Punishment he need to fear;
Law is the least of a Physician's Care,
Because his Murders are but seldom found,
They are so often bury'd under Ground.

On a Drunkard who died of a Fever.

HERE lies a Man whose Span of Life did pass,
From Morn' till Night between the Pipe and
Glas;

But icy cruel Death, who soon or late,
Brings all Men to inevitable Fate;
Knowing there was in fiery sulph'rous Hell,
A Place where burning, thirsty Mortals dwell;
Convey'd him there, and mixt him with the Evil,
To be chief Vintner to the blackest Devil.

On a MISER.

HE wisely gave his Treasure from his Heir,
That so he might not shed one feigned Tear.

On a merry Cobler who died as he was celebrating, with his Brethren, the Memory of Saint Crispin.

YE merry Boys who live in Stalls,
And mend weak Soals with Ends and Awls,
Reflect with Sorrow on the End,
Of him who many Soals did mend.
He e'er was trusty to his Cup,
Nor left it till he drank it up;
A constant Member to his Club,
And lov'd his Friend as well as Bub:
Jocose he was and witty too,
All Tom Brown's Jests had read and knew,
And many more he got by Heart,
Invented by ingenious Smart.
Alas! poor Soul, he liv'd so fast,
That cruel Death has got his Last.
Let fall some mournful Tears, my Friend,
And pity this poor Cobler's-End.

On

On a Tinker, who whipp'd his Wife for making him a Cuckold.

THE honest Tinker whipp'd his leach'rous Trull,
 Because she got abroad her Belly-full;
 Tho' Holes you stop, you cannot mine, she cry'd,
 My Wishes you have never yet supply'd;
 Do not severely, Husband, thus lay on,
 My *Arse* is not a Drum to play upon;
 Or do you think you're mending of a Kettle?
 If so, I'm sure 'tis not with proper Metal;
 Then prithee cut my Skin behind no more,
Adult'ry enters by *One Slit* before.

To Tom Brown, on his Book of Jests.

BEN *Johnson's* Jests and *Miller's* too,
 Are Dross compar'd to thine:
 They're dull and old, but your's are new,
 With Wit in ev'ry Line.

EPIGRAM.

A *Painter* once a *Doctor* turn'd,
 Cries *Jack* you're in the right;
 For now your Faults are not discern'd,
 They're cover'd out of Sight.

The SAILOR.

WHEN on the Gunnel of a Ship,
 Poor *Jack* was running with some Flip,
 There came a cruel Cannon Ball,
 Which shot his Foot off, Leg and all.
Jack saw his Expectations cross,
 And cry'd, *Damn me, the Flip is lost.*

CELIA.

CELIA.

FAIR *Celia*, when at *Tunbridge Wells*,
Was more admir'd than all the Belles,
The Beaux came strutting round about her,
As if they could not live without her.

Madam, says one, when at the Ball,
You cannot wed and please 'em all.

There's something, Sir, in what you say,
But they, like Waters, pass away.

Madam, says he, it may be true,
And in that self-same Current too.

The GLISTER. A TALE.

IN *Yorkshire's* County liv'd of late,
An honest Farmer and his Mate;
Who liv'd a Sort of—happy Life—
As cou'd be found 'twixt Man and Wife:
With Plenty was their Table crown'd;
With Plenty did their Fields abound:
And to compleat their earthly Joy,
Heav'n bless'd 'em with a—booby Boy.
The simp'le Father thought him wise,
(For Parents see with partial Eyes)
So great his Learning and his Knowledge,
Wou'd sure adorn ev'n *Gresham* College:
(For *Numps* had early learn'd at School,
To know what's *Latin* for a Fool;
With twenty other Words, I ween
Cou'd tell in *English* what they mean.)

Thus stock'd with Learning, *Numps* was sent
To Doctor *Bliſter*, with Intent

To

To learn of him the Art of Physick;
 How Gripes are cur'd, how Gout, and Phthifick;
 With thousands more of mortal Ills,
 Which, join'd with Physick, often kills.

Now *Numps* is sent with ev'ry Slop,
 Collected from his Master's Shop:
 With Blisters, Draughts, and Pills in plenty;
 And Purges too, at least some twenty.
 A Glister too for Lady *Frolick*,
 To ease the griping Pains of Cholick:
 Which *Numps* was order'd straight to give,
 Or else the Lady cou'd not live.

' And *Numps*, d'ye hear? the Doctor cry'd,
 ' Since you a Glister ne'er apply'd,
 ' This Counsel take: You know behind,
 ' There is a Vent to let-out Wind;
 ' In which apply the Pipe aright,
 ' Then press the Bag with all your Might,
 ' Till you the same have empty'd quite:
 ' Then draw the Implement with Care;
 ' And see you force away no Hair.'

Instructed thus, poor *Numpy* goes,
 And blushing turns aside the Cloaths;
 Then, trembling, looks with careful Eye,
 To find the Part the Pipe t'apply,
 When, lo! to *Numpy's* great Surprise,
 A horrid Form assaults his Eyes!
 He wond'ring, cries, what's here I trow?
 As sure as I'm alive, below
 Two Holes I find quite plain to Sight,
 So woundy rough enough to fright;
 And, zooks, I know not which is right.
 Then loudly adds with stupid Leer,
 I wonder how they both came here.

The Lady all this while oppress'd
 With racking Pains, could find no Rest;

In

In Anger cry'd, What means the Fool?

Apply the Glister e'er it cool.

At this Reproof, poor *Numps* in haste,
With trembling Hands the Glister plac'd ;
But plac'd it wrong (or Fame does lye)
And gave it in her——*Nether Eye.*

WHEN jolly *Dick* and *Jane* were wedded,
At Even' when they first were bedded,
Cries *Dick*, if you had not deny'd,
Before you were confirm'd my Bride,
To let me taste the Fruits of Love,
I ne'er had married you, by *Jove.*

Why truly, *Dick*, I thought as much,
And therefore would not let you touch ;
I'd been so often flung before,
I swore I would be flung no more.

On a Chaste Maid.

HERE lies the Body of a beauteous Maid,
Whose secret Parts no Man did e'er invade ;
Scarce her own Hand she would admit to touch
That Virgin Spring, altho' it itch'd so much :
She dy'd at Eighteen Years of Age, and then
She gave to Worms what she deny'd to Men :
But 'twas her last Request, with dying Groans,
To have no Tomb at all, if built with Stones ;
Such vig'rous Things she always us'd to wave,
And fear'd they would disturb her in her Grave.

The PENANCE.

WHEN *Phyllis* confess'd, the Father was rash,
And so, without further Reflection,
Her delicate Skin he condemn'd to the Lash,
While himself would bestow the Correction :

Her

Her Husband, who heard this, oppos'd it by urging,
That he, in regard to her Weakness,
And to save her soft Back, would himself bear the
Scourging,

With humble Submission and Meekness.
She piously cry'd, when the Priest gave Accord,
To shew what Devotion was in her,
He's able and lusty, pray cheat not the Lord,
For, alas! I'm a very great Sinner.

ON CHLOE.

PRAY is not Miss *Chloe's* a comical Case?
She lends out her Tail, and she borrows a Face.

EPITAPH on a MISER.

READER, beware immoderate Love of Pelf;
Here lies the worst of Thieves, who robb'd
himself.

Giron at Church.

AS *Giron* lately in the Temple sat,
Tho' that's a Place he comes but seldom at,
He heard the Mob discoursing in the Porch:
Pray, Neighbour, he cries out, don't talk in Church.
Now wou'd you know why he reprov'd the Crowd?
'Twas 'cause he cou'd not sleep, they talk'd so loud.

THOMAS in *High-Dutch* once did court a
Wench,
And to his Cost, she answer'd him in *French*.

On a Man eating Rotten Cheese.

JACK eating rotten Cheese, did say,
Like *Sampson*, I my Thousands slay;
M

I vow, quoth Roger, so you do,
And with the self-same Weapon too.

On POVERTY.

HE who in his Pocket has no Money,
Shou'd in his Mouth be never without Honey.

The Scullion WENCH.

A Scullion Wench had Wit at Will,
And was by all admir'd:

Says one, who wonder'd at her Skill,

"Nay, where was it acquir'd?"

The Dowdy answer'd, with a Sneer,

"Faith, Sir, you're very dull;

"Pray, where my Dear, shou'd Wit appear,

"Except 'tis in the Skull?"

An ACROSTIC.

A Health to George, Great-Britain's King!

Let ev'ry Briton drink and sing,

Every Knave and Villain swing.

ANOTHER.

Britons rouse to Actions great,

Ev'ry Soul his Can defeat;

Ev'ry Mortal banish Care—

Refill, my Boys, and never spare!

ANOTHER.

Royal Cordial! healing Juice!

Uapours killing, Health produce;

Men and Angels own thy Use.

ANOTHER.

A N O T H E R.

T hy Virtues cure consumptive Ills,
 O h, wond'rous Force of * *Raleigh's Pills* !
 † *Betty* sent her Fav'rite o'er,
 A nd made him find a foreign Shore.
 C ollecting Simples o'er the Land,
 C ould any send a better Hand,
 O r execute her dread Command ?

The W A T C H.

I N *London* it exceeds Belief,
 That there should ever be a Thief ;
 For there's a Watch in ev'ry Court,
 To find 'em out, and spoil their Sport.

Cries one, what you alledge is true,
 Of Watches there are not a few ;
 But Watches, which much Money brings,
 They'll steal as soon as other Things.

The Moving PREACHER.

I ONCE beheld a Parson preaching,
 His Flock the narrow Road was teaching ;
 His drawling Voice, and whining Face,
 His dry Discourse, and odd Grimace,
 Made all his Hearers run away,
 And swear they would no longer stay.

Cries one, his Words are not improving,
 But yet they're most excessive moving.

* Sir *Walter Raleigh*, who first discovered *Virginia*.

† *Q. Elizabeth*.

The prudent WOMAN.

A Country Fellow woo'd a Lass,
And gain'd the blissful Spot,
Cries he, " If it should come to pass,
" That I've done——*you know what.*"

" Pho ! pho !" the lovely Damsel cry'd,
" That need not give you Sorrow :
" *Tom* promis'd I should be his Bride,
" So speedy as To-morrow.

On one HUMPHRY BRIGGS, *who had three*
Wives.

HERE lies *Sarah, Mary, and Elizabeth Briggs,*
And *Humphry*, their Husband, who humm'd
all their Giggs.

MENS MULIEBRIS.

NATURE to all does due Provision make,
And what Men want in Head they have in
Back ;

Then who can disapprove the Fair One's Rules,
Who talk with *Men of Sense*, but kiss with *Fools*.

On a *furly Victualler, Master of the Red Lion*
Inn at a certain Place near Salisbury.

WHEN a Man to the Town for a Show brings
a Lion,

'Tis usual a Monkey the Sign-post to tie on ;
But here the old Custom inverted is seen,
For the Lion's without, and the Monkey within.

The

The WORLD.

THIS World is the best that we live in,
 To lend, and to spend, and to give in;
 But, to borrow, or beg, or get a Man's own,
 It is the worst World that ever was known.

On a Drawer drunk.

DRAWER with thee now even is thy Wine,
 For thou hast pierc'd his Hogs-head, and he
 thine.

The SADDLE : A TALE.

IN *Italy*, as Authors tell us,
 There liv'd a Painter wond'rous jealous;
 Tormented with a Female Evil,
 Tempting and subtle as the Devil;
 Who did create such frequent Smart,
 To Spouse's aching Head and Heart,
 That 'twas the Bus'ness of his Life,
 How to confine this *Eel* his Wife.
 Resolv'd his Pencil-Art to shew,
 (Whatever he can't perform below)
 He drew a *Mule*, with dext'rous Skill,
 Upon the Brow of *Venus' Hill*:
 Thus if she stray'd he could for certain,
 Know it by drawing up the Curtain:
 But, ah! how vain our Counsels are,
 And all our Plots against the Fair.
 Comes Brother Brush to take a Bout,
 So, *God knows how!* they rubb'd it out.
 But as he was an honest Brother,
 Finding one gone, he drew another;
 Forgetting what the first did lack,
 He drew a *Saddle* on his Back:

Chloe was hugely pleas'd, and smil'd,
 To think how Signior was beguil'd ;
 Who reeling Home one Ev'ning late,
 With mellow Looks, and jealous Pate,
 Vow'd he'd not take a Wink of Sleep,
 Without one dear departing Peep.
 Can you distrust me, *Chloe* cries,
 Inhuman Man ! and wipes her Eyes,
 Put on your Spectacles and view it,
 The *Mule*, my Dear, is where you drew it.
 The *Mule* I see is safe, my Dear ;
 But, *Zounds*, who put the Saddle here ?

A Song in Praise of G I N.

FOR all the *Claret* and *Champaigne*,
 I would not give a Pin ;
 There's nothing can my Palate please,
 Like humming *British Gin*.
And a toping we will go, we'll go, we'll go.
And, &c.

If Gripes, or grievous *Cholic* Pains,
 Your Body e'er should seize,
 Come take a *Cogue* of this, my Boys,
 It soon will give you Ease.
And, &c.

Tho' Madam *Prudish*, scoffing cries,
I can't endure the Smell,
 Yet, when she gets behind the Door,
 She likes it wond'rous well.
And, &c.

Come, let us drink, both young and old,
 And then we've nought to fear ;
 For this will keep out Wind and Cold,
 And all our Spirits cheer.
And, &c.

A SONG. *Inspired by a Gallon of Claret;*

TALK not of *Pieria's* Fountain,
Phœbus, or the tuneful *Nine*;

Hang the *Heliconian* Fountain,

Give me Rivers running Wine.

Fill the Bowl: O, fill it higher,

And the noblest Vessel pierce;

Bacchus only can inspire;

Bacchus is the God of Verse.

EPIGRAM.

SIR *Roger* was ill, his Case was quite bad,

My Lady a crying, the Children all sad:

Lord, Madam, says *John*, the Doctor call in,

'Tis a Shame not to do it, to neglect it's a Sin:

The Doctor was call'd, he determin'd the Case,

Felt his Pulse, and then swore, that Death sat in
 his Face:

There's nought to be done; with Bills I'll not swell
 His Account; so departed—The Patient did well.

EPIGRAM.

CRIES *Tom*, who many Children had,

And vainly thought himself the Dad,

My Wife such Crops of Children yields,

That she's more fertile than my Fields.

Why, Sir, says *Smart*, the Case is this,

Your Wife well cultivated is;

For if you can't her Meadows till,

She's sure to find enough that will.

EPIGRAM.

A Reverend Judge, by whom Causes were heard,

Thus said to a Witness that had a long Beard;

"If

"If your Conscience in length, can your Whiskers
"exceed,

"It must be confess'd, you've a long one indeed."
The Evidence cry'd, Sir, your Beard is so small,
We may justly conclude, you've *no Conscience at all.*

A B U L L.

AS an honest poor *Teague* walk'd o'er *Stepney*
Church-Yard,

His Sentiments thus to another declar'd:

"I swear by *Shaint Patrick*, and all that is dear,
"If I live and do well, I'll be bury'd just here."

EPITAPH. By an Irishman.

HERE lies a Man within this Hole,
As dead as any living Shoul.

EPITAPH on an old Knife-Grinder, who died
two Days after he was married to one Mrs.
Stone, a young Woman.

HERE lies a Man, who left behind his Bone,
By that Distemper kill'd, that's call'd the Stone.
Tho' two he had, yet still he wanted more,
Not satisfy'd with what he had before;
His blunt old Weapons were so shrivell'd grown,
They were by no Means fit for such a Stone.

EPIGRAM on a Taylor, who died of a Sur-
feit he got by eating of a Goose.

'TIS strange that he with Death should meet,
From that with which he was so great;
Like *Cain* this Rascal kill'd his Brother,
And one vile Goose destroy'd another;
But Prick-louse Cabbage lov'd so well,
He's gone to get him some in Hell.

*On a Sexton, who complained of Physicians,
for lengthening People's Lives.*

NEVER fear, honest Man, for you got by
their Trade,
You'd have nothing to eat were it not for the Dead.
Physicians, I'm sure, do kill more than they save,
And then you get Money by digging their Grave.

EPITAPH on a Woman, by her Husband.

TREAD gently, Friend, lest you disturb her Rest,
And straight discover how I once was blest;
Her nimble Tongue will ring you such a Peal,
'Twill make you stare, and with Confusion reel.
Nay more, she will so serenade your Ears,
You'll hardly hear the Bells that ring to Prayers.

*On a Jury of Matrons, who were impannelled
to find out if a Woman, who was sentenced
to Death, was quick with Child or not.*

THE Sentence past, experienc'd Matrons meet,
Like Politicians in Affairs of State,
Who do their Matter to Conclusion bring,
And after some Debates agree the Thing;
But what they search, whatever they intend,
They cannot fathom, for it has no End.

*On a Butcher, who married a Quaker that
cuckolded him.*

ITOLD thee, Harry, what would be thy Lot,
If e'er you did invade that Petticoat;
I knew you better had been rul'd by me,
For *Flesh and Spirit never can agree.*

EPITAPH

EPITAPH on a LAWYER.

HERE lies within this dusty Grave,
A most litigious wicked Knave:
Death now has summon'd him to Court,
Where all must in their Turns resort;
At length, poor Fool, he's sent to Jail,
And *Death*, his Plaintiff, ne'er takes Bail.

On Mr. BATTLE, a Clergyman.

HIS Trade is Peace, and yet his Name sounds
War;
What does his Name, and his Profession jarr?
He fights 'gainst *Satan*, let the Wonder cease,
For such a War becomes a Man of Peace.

EPIGRAM.

WHene'er the lustful Wife defiles the Bed,
What makes the Man wear Horns?—*be-
cause he's Head.*

*A Translation, in modern English, of Mr.
P—'s Imitation of Chaucer.*

AN Oxford Scholar made a Goose his Prize,
And hid it where the Garb invests his Thighs;
Too weak the Buttons prov'd, the Goose too strong,
And burst its Jail as Ladies pass along;
The Bill came bolting forth, a ruddy Sight,
The neck came after, long, and round, and white;
The Creature cackling, pertly rais'd its Head,
The Lad look'd foolish, and the Women fled.
“O Jesu! Sister *Moll*, said wanton Mifs,
“Is this the Thing wherewith they use to p—?
“'Tis better far to feed on Coals, or Chalk,
“Than trust to faithless Man who's Tail can *talk*.”

Thus

Thus *Chaucer* whilom did the Fair advise,
That Maids should never sport but with the Wife;
With sly Conceit, the Bard his Story told,
Then left this Moral, worth its Weight in Gold:
“ *Pardie*, Miss *Betty*, thou didst reason well;
“ They bear the Goose about that love to sell.

*To Miss * * * **

WE Men have many Faults;
Poor Women have but two;
There’s nothing good they say;
There’s nothing good they do.

In Chaucer’s Style.

Fair *Susan* did her Wife-hede well menteine,
Algates assaulted sore by Letchours tweine.
Now, and I read aright that auntian Song,
Old were the Paramours, the Dame full young.

Had thilke same Tale in other Guise been tolde,
Had they been young, pardie, and she been olde,
That, by St. *Kit*, had wrought much sorer Tryal;
Full marvellous, I wrote, were swilk Denyal.

TRUTH told at last.

SAYS *Collin*, in Rage, contradicting his Wife,
“ You never yet told me one Truth in your
“ Life.”

Vex’d *Fanny*, no Way could this Thesis allow,
You’re a Cuckold, says she, do I tell you Truth
now?

*On Tom * * **

TOM ever jovial, ever gay,
To Appetite a Slave,
Still whores and drinks his Life away,
And laughs to see me grave.

'Tis that makes we two disagree,
So diff'rent is our Whim,
The Fellow fondly laughs at me,
And I could cry for him.

On a famous Physician called out of Church.

WHILE holy Pray'rs to Heaven were made,
One soon was heard, and answer'd too,
'Save us from sudden Death! was said,
And strait from Church Sir John withdrew.

Upon the stealing of a Pound of Candles.

LIGHT-finger'd Catch, to keep his Hand in Ure,
Stole any Thing; of this you may be sure,
That he thinks all his own which once he handles,
For Practice-sake did steal a Pound of Candles;
Was taken in the Fact: Oh, foolish Wight!
To steal such Things as needs must come to Light.

*A PASTORAL DIALOGUE, between COLIN
and PHÆBE.*

COLIN. BELIEVE me, Nymph, I scorn to act
A base Dissembler's Part;
For each Expression is exact,
The Index of my Heart.

PHÆBE. Ah, Colin, Colin, I'm afraid,
Like others you'll deceive;
Who sue and win a harmless Maid,
Then laugh and take their Leave.

COLIN. By thy celestial Form I swear,
And solemnly attest;
'Tis thee alone, my blooming Fair,
Can make me ever blest.

PHÆBE,

PHÆBE. As Lovers Oaths, and Courtiers Words,
Are void by *Albion* Laws;
If you deceive, no Court affords
Redress for such a Cause.

COLIN. Oh, how shall I my Passion shew?
Or you my Passion try?——
If lovely *Phæbe* wills it so,
Beneath her Feet I'll die.

PHÆBE. Well, *Colin*, now I must declare,
(Altho' I blush for Shame;)
If your Pretensions honest are,
We feel a mutual Flame.

BOTH. Let sacred *Hymen's* easy Bands,
To future Bliss give Birth;
And close unite our Hearts and Hands,
'Till we return to Earth.

CHLOE'S *Misfortune, or the burning of her
Smock.*

TIR'D with the Bus'ness of the Day,
Upon a Couch supinely lay,
Fair charming *Chloe*, void of Care,
No living Creature being near:
When strait a calm and gentle Sleep,
Did o'er her drowsy Eye-lids creep:
Her quick Imagination brought
Th' Ideas of her waking Thought.
She dreamt herself a new-made Bride,
In Bed by young *Philander's* Side;
The Posset's eat, the Stocking's thrown,
And all the Company withdrawn;
And now the blest *Elysium*,
Of all her wish'd-for Joy is come;

N

Philander

Philander all dissolv'd in Charms,
 Lies raptur'd in her circling Arms.
 With panting Breasts, and swimming Eyes,
 She meets the visionary Joys:
 But as she roving did advance,
 Her trembling Legs (O dire Mischance !)
 The Couch being near the Fire's Side,
 Sh' expanded them, alas ! too wide ;
 Expos'd her nethermost Attire
 Unto th' Embraces of the Fire :
 The Flames at first did trembling seize
 The dangling Hem of this lost Prize :
 At last the Flames were grown so rude,
 They boldly ev'ry where intrude ;
 They soon recall'd the Lady's Sense,
 And chas'd the pleasing Vision thence.
 Soon as her Eyes recover'd Light,
 She strait beheld the dismal Sight ;
 She had no Time to meditate
 Upon the Strangeness of her Fate,
 But was confin'd to lay about,
 To beat the impious Fire out.
 The am'rous Flames were loth to go,
 They kiss'd her Hand at ev'ry Blow ;
 Vanquish'd at last they did retire,
 And in a gloomy Smoke expire :
 When viewing of her half-burnt Smock,
 Thus to herself the Damsel spoke :
 " Is this th' Effect of Dreams ? Is this
 " The Fruit of all my fancy'd Bliss ?
 " Misfortunes will, I see, betide,
 " When Maidens throw their Legs too wide :
 " Had I but kept my Legs across,
 " I and my Smock had had no Loss :
 " There is a Saying frights me too,
 " (But Heav'n forbid it should be true)

" That when a Virgin burns her Train,
 " She all her Life must so remain.
 " I dare not be of this Belief,
 " For thou'd I, I thou'd die with Grief;
 " Live always here a Nun-like Life,
 " And never, never be a Wife;
 " Never enjoy a Marriage Bed,
 " Or lose a hated *Maidenhead*!
 " Ah, cruel Flames! you're too unkind,
 " To bring these Fancies to my Mind."
 Thus the poor Nymph bewail'd her treach'rous
 Luck,
 At once to lose so good a Dream and Smock.

EPIGRAM.

THY Beard and Head are of a diff'rent Dye;
 Short of one Foot, distorted in an Eye:
 With all these Tokens of a Knave complete,
 Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a dev'lish Cheat.

An Epitaph on Mr. Foot.

HERE lies one *Foot*, whose Death may Thou-
 sands save;
 For Death has now *one Foot* within the Grave.

*Pinn'd to a Sheet, in which a Woman stood to
 do Penance in the Church.*

HERE stand I for Whores as great
 To cast a scornful Eye on;
 Should each Whore here be doom'd a Sheet,
 You'd soon have none to lie on.

On CHLOE.

HERE *Chloe* lies,
 Whose once bright Eyes,
 Set all the World on Fire :
 And not to be
 Ungrateful, she
 Did all the World admire.

On a Man stealing a Candle from a Lanthorn.

ONE walking in the Street, one Winter Night,
 Climb'd to a Lanthorn, thought t'have stol'n
 the Light,
 But taken in the Manner and descry'd
 By one o'th' Servants, who look'd up and cry'd,
 Whose there ; what d'you ? Who doth our Lan-
 thorn handle ?
 Nothing, said he, but only snuff the Candle.

A WITTY PASSAGE.

AN old Man sitting at a *Christmas* Feast,
 By eating Brawn occasioned a Jest ;
 For whilst his Tongue and Gums chas'd about,
 For want of Pales the chased Boar broke out ;
 And light perchance upon a handsome Lass,
 That near him at the Table placed was ;
 Which, when she spy'd, she pluck'd out of her
 Sleeve
 A Pin, and did unto the old Man give ;
 Saying, sith your Brawn out of your Mouth doth
 slip,
 Sir, take this Pin, and therewith close your Lip ;
 And bursting into Laughter, strain'd so much,
 As with that Strain, her Back-part spoke *Low-*
Dutch ;

Which

Which the old Man hearing, did the Pin restore,
And bid her therewith close her Postern Door.

The short COAT.

A Person being newly clad,
And Cloathing new he seldom had;
Cries one aloud, "Hallo! my Buff!
"Your Coat, Sir, is not long enough."
The Man reply'd, "I grant it, Brother,
"But 'twill before I get another."

An EPIGRAM.

A Criminal for Theft arraign'd,
Condemn'd to lose his Life;
His Sentiments he thus explain'd,
To his dear loving Wife.

I'm sorry, *Fenny*, from my Soul,
I solemnly assure ye;
I wish I'd stole enough of *Cole*,
To bribe the *Judge* and *Jury*.

WHEN *Jack* was dancing at a Ball,
A modest Lady cry'd,
Why, Sir, you don't dance well at all,
You straddle much too wide.

Jack smil'd at what the Fair one said,
And thus began to chide her:
"If 'twixt your Thighs my Prop was laid,
"I'm sure you'd straddle wider."

A MAN that in the Wars had been,
Was telling what he'd done and seen:
That in the Middle of a Fight,
When dead Men lay to Left and Right;

That with his own courageous Blade,
A *Frenchman* he a Cripple made,
By cutting off, with mighty Blows,
His brawny Legs above his Hose.

Cries one, if you'd cut off his Head,
Why then, at once, you'd struck him dead.

He said, 'twas true; then gravely swore,
" *This Frenchman's Head was off before.*"

The DRONE and BEE : A FABLE.

A LAZY Drone of Wealth possess,
While sitting still in Ease and Rest,
Beheld a little active Bee,
From Flow'r to Flow'r unwear'd flee,
To gather thence their balmy Sweet
For others, not itself, to eat.

At length the Drone the Bee address,
And thus his Sentiments express.

Poor simple Thing to work and toil,
For others to receive the Spoil;
To thee accrues no other Gains,
Than just your Labour for your Pains.
Come, take Example, Fool, by me,
Who am from Care and Bus'ness free:
If I've enough my Ends to serve,
What is't to me tho' others starve?

I do no Harm to any one,
Deceit and Fraud I ever shun:
And, let the World say what they will,
He virtuous is, who does no Ill.

The Bee reply'd, Believe me, Friend,
The great Supreme did not intend,
When he a Figure form'd like thee,
That it should but a Cypher be.

He gave thee Wisdom, pray for what?
Those to instruct who had it not:

He

He gave thee Wealth, a mighty Store,
 That thou might'st help the Sick and Poor;
 Learning thou hast, and prithee why,
 Since all those Blessings useleſs lie?
 Virtuous then thou canst not be.
 Then fled away the industrious Bee,
 And left the drowsy slothful Drone,
 To sit and take a Nap alone.

What is not good muſt needs be ill,
 For there's a Crime in ſitting ſtill:
 Virtue on Action doth depend;
 For Sloth can gain no virtuous End.

*To a Man of Quality and great Riches con-
 fined by the Gout.*

THE happy'ſt Man that ever breath'd on Earth,
 With all the Glories of Eſtate and Birth,
 Has yet ſome *Care* or *Pain* to make him know,
 No Grandeur is above the *Reach of Woo*;
Your Lordſhip feels it in your Gouty-Toe.
 But in the keenest Agonies of Grief,
 Content's a Cordial that gives ſome Relief.

WOMEN the beſt Politicians. A TALE.

ONE Night plump *Sue* and Coachman *Ned*,

A Bargain ſtruck in haſte to wed;
 A Crown was ſtak'd, the Pair conſented
 To loſe their Pledge, who firſt repented.

Time, for the matrimonial Farce

To-morrow comes——*Ned* hangs an *A—ſe*.

Of bad the beſt poor *Sukey* makes,
 And angry claims his forfeit Stakes.

Ned frankly paid it as agreed,

Of a worſe Bargain to be freed;

Quoth he—*thou'rt welcome on my Life,*

A cheap Divorcement from a Wife!

—The

—The crafty Quean, who feign'd a while,
 Soon answered with a jeering Smile,
Ah Fool! 'tis well you first relented,
I'd lost had you but seem'd contented;
Gladly your Freedom I'll restore,
One Shilling spend—and pocket Four.

Ladies, lay *Ovid's* Rules apart,
 In Love learn thrifter *Susan's* Art.

The OAK and its BRANCHES. A FABLE.

*Occasioned by seeing a dead Oak beautifully encom-
 passed with Ivy.*

AN Oak with spreading Branches crown'd,
 Beheld an Ivy on the Ground,
 Expos'd to ev'ry trampling Beast,
 That roam'd around the dreary Waste.
 The Tree of *Jove*, in all his State,
 With Pity view'd the Ivy's Fate;
 And kindly told her she shou'd find
 Security around his Rind:
 Nor was that only his Intent,
 But to bestow some Nourishment.

The Branches saw, and griev'd to see,
 Such Juices taken from the Tree.
 Parent, say they, in angry Tone,
 Your Sap should nourish us alone:
 Why should you nurse this Stranger Plant,
 With what your Sons in Time may want?
 May want to raise us high in Air,
 And make us more distinguish'd there.

'Tis well the Parent Tree reply'd;
 Must I, to gratify your Pride,
 Act only with a narrow View,
 Of doing good to none but you?

Know,

Know, Sons, tho' *Jove* hath made me great,
I am not safe from Storms of Fate.

Is it not prudent then, I say,
To guard against another Day?
While I'm alive, you crown my Head;
This graces me alive and dead.

The Farmer looking for his HEIFER.

IT so befel—a silly Swain
Had sought his *Heifer* long in vain;
For wanton *she*, had frisking stray'd,
And left the Lawns to seek the Shade.
Around the Plains he rolls his Eyes,
Then to the Wood in haste he hies,
Where singling out the tallest Tree,
He climbs in hopes to hear or see.

Anon there chanc'd that Way to pass,
A jolly *Lad* and buxom *Lass*;
The Place was apt, the Pastime pleasant,
Occasion with her Forelock present;
The Girl agog, the Gallant ready:
So lightly down he laid my Lady;
But so she turn'd, or so was laid,
That she some certain Charms display'd;
Which, with Amazement, struck his Sight,
With Wonder much; but more Delight,
That loud he cry'd in Rapture, what!
What see I; Gods what see I not!
But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis guess'd
'Twas more than well can be express'd.
The Clown aloft, who lent an Ear,
Strait stopp'd him short in mid Career,
And louder cry'd, *Ho! honest Friend,*
That of thy seeing findest no End;
Dost see the Heifer that I seek?
If so, pray be so kind to speak.

From

From Martial. By Tom Brown.

WHEN Gammer Gurton first I knew,
Four Teeth in all she reckon'd,
Came a damn'd Cough, and whip'd out two,
And t'other two a second.

Courage, old Dame, and do not fear
The third, whene'er it comes;
Give me but t'other Jug of Beer,
And I'll ensure your Gums.

The disappointed Husband.

A Scolding Wife so long a Sleep possess'd,
Her Spouse presum'd her Soul was now at Rest.
Sable was call'd to hang the Room in Black;
And all their Cheer were Sugar-Rolls and Sack.
Two Mourning Staves stood Centry at the Door;
And Silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
The Cloaks, and Tears, and Handkerchiefs prepar'd,
They march'd in woeful Pomp to *Abchurch-Yard*;
When see of narrow Streets what Mischief come!
The very Dead can't pass in Quiet Home:
By some rude Jolt the Coffin Lid was broke,
And Madam from her Dream of Death awoke.
Now all was spoil'd: The Undertaker's Pay,
Sour Faces, Cakes, and Wine, quite thrown away.
But some Years after, when the former Scene
Was acted, and the Coffin nail'd again,
The tender Husband took especial Care,
To keep the Passage from Disturbance clear;
Charging the Bearers that they tread aright,
Nor put his Dear in such another Fright.

A DREAM.

I Dream'd, that buried in my Fellow Clay,
 Close by a common Beggar's Side I lay,
 And, as so mean a Neighbour shock'd my Pride,
 Thus, like a Corpse of Consequence I cry'd:
 Scoundrel be gone; and henceforth touch me not;
 More Manners learn, and, at a Distance, rot.
 How! Scoundrel! in a haughtier Tone, said he;
 Proud Lump of Dirt! I scorn thy Words and
 thee;

Here all are equal; now thy Case is mine;
 This is my Rotting-Place, and that is thine.

COLIN was married in all Haste,

And now to rack doth run;
 So knitting of himself too fast,
 He hath himself undone.

The CAPTAIN and SAILOR.

AS *John* the Sailor and his Lads
 One Morn were tripping o'er the Grass,
 To gather *White Thorn* as they say,
 It being on the first of *May*,
 They did a jolly Captain meet.
 And courteously each other greet:
 First *John* the Sailor touch'd his Hat,
 The Captain bow'd, began to chat:
 Saying, *John*, pray how came this to pass?
 Where pick'd you up this comely Lads,
 With rosy Cheeks and sparkling Eyes,
 Those snowy Breasts that fall and rise?
 Tempting to some more secret Bliss;
 Oh! *John*, I must,—must have a Kiss;

And

And you, whene'er you meet my Dame,
Shall welcome be to do the same.

Now some Days after, being fair,
The Captain walk'd to take the Air;
Led in his Hand his comely Bride,
Which luckily young *Johnny* spy'd;
And bowing, said, Sir, you know not what,
I hope you han't your Word forgot.
No, *John*, (he answered) by my Life,
'Tis your Turn now, see here's my Wife.
John smiling, cock'd his Hat aside,
And boldly kiss'd the Captain's Bride;
Crying, Oh! ye Gods, I'd give a Crown,
Had he but laid my *Nancy* down;
What then (quoth Madam) would you do?
Why we'd have had a Tumble too.

DAME caught her Daughter *Joan* in Bed,
Within the Arms of lusty *Ned*.
Astonish'd at the dreadful Sight,
" Oh *Joan*, your ruin'd, ruin'd quite!"

The Daughter with a Smile reply'd,
Because he lov'd me I comply'd;
If ruin gives such great Delight,
Would I were ruin'd every Night.

The CONCLUSION.

I'VE now exhausted all my Store,
My sifted Brains can yield no more;
I therefore am oblig'd to end;
My work is done—adieu my Friend.



F. I. N. I. S.